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PAULINE

PAULINE,

BY
ROBERT BROWNING

THE TEXT OF 1833, COMPARED WITH THAT OF 1867 AND 1888

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
N. HARDY WALLIS, M.A.

"So I will sing on—fast as fancies come
Rudely—the verse being as the mood it paints."

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INTRODUCTION

It is remarkable that at present, when the study of psychology is so popular, the poetry of Browning should be so little read. Although his last volume was published in the year 1890, many contemporary problems in religion and philosophy are dealt with in his verse ; while his noble optimism, which can be traced from the concluding lines of "Pauline" to the "Epilogue" in "Asolando," has still a message and a challenge for to-day.

"Pauline" has been too often neglected and dismissed as a work of incoherent youth with its confused thought, but redeemed from oblivion by passages of great poetry—all the more striking for their directness of attack and vividness of expression. For this opinion the poet himself was responsible, as he seldom referred to his early work ; and when he reprinted it in the 1867 edition of his poems, apologised for its inclusion, affirming that "good draughtsmanship . . . and right-handling were far beyond the artist at that time."¹ Nevertheless, the poem has real greatness, which is attributed by William Sharp in his sympathetic study² to its many fragments of descriptive and sensitive poetry ; although it is to be doubted whether the true significance of the work is not rather that it presents the attempt of a young writer to grapple with the inchoate and perplexing problems of early manhood, faced with the conflict of ideals. Herein lies its difference from so much "Juvenilia." That the poet was unnecessarily severe on his first effort is clear to the modern reader, but there are many passages wherein it is difficult,

¹ P. xi.

² *Life of Robert Browning*, by William Sharp, London, 1890, p. 42.

if not impossible, to see the drift of the writer's thought ; and it must be remembered that when Browning was once asked what he meant by certain lines he replied, " I am sure I meant something when I wrote them, but do not remember what." Yet the endeavour to interpret this unequal creation of genius commends itself to some readers who do not agree with Augustine Birrell that " It would be difficult and unprofitable to attempt to analyse ' Pauline.' " ¹ Difficult it may be ; unprofitable, for the study of the poet's mind, it is not.

The literary history of the poem is interesting. In 1833, through the kindness of a relative, Browning was enabled to publish anonymously this first work, which appeared with the following title, " Pauline ; A Fragment of a Confession " (see p. 1). This edition is rare, but the British Museum contains two copies, of which one has the following autograph note : " Written in pursuance of a foolish plan I forget or have no wish to remember." This condemnation was not universal, for a friend wrote : " The work had truth and life in it . . . gave us the thrill, and laid hold of us with power, the sensation of which has never yet failed us as a test of genius." ² Nor is it uninteresting to note that Rossetti, finding the poem in the British Museum, copied it out and wrote to Browning, asking if he were the author.³ In spite of this the poet continued to relegate the work to comparative oblivion, and even in the edition of 1888, felt obliged to apologise for it and to make certain corrections, " To remove solecisms, mend the metre a little, and endeavour to strengthen the phraseology " (p. xiii).

¹ *Poetical Works of Browning*, 2 vols., London, 1899 (pref. note to " Pauline ").

² W. J. Fox, *Repository*, vol. 7, 1833.

³ Sharp, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

The poem, which has resemblances to the "Alastor" of Shelley, is the story of the development of a soul, the "confession" of the difficulties which beset a mind seeking the light. The personality of Pauline becomes apotheosised into a guiding spirit, but yet does not completely lose her womanhood, and the confusions of the work arise from the mingling of real and imaginary personality. In the prefatory note (p. 3) are the words, "*Nam et ego vobis illa non probō, sed narro,*" and the narration is consistent, even if lengthened by digressions—often the most poetical parts of the poem. After an address to Pauline, the poet breaks forth into recollections, but soon realises that his past joys were illusions—although he rejoices to think he can still recall them. Perplexed, he turns to Shelley for guidance, and in praising him laments his own failure in the realms of song. Returning to his analysis he finds that he can call up or forget the "dark past" at will; that a mind of his type must seek an end, although his first fresh faith be gone. He tries to reason with these hopes and fears, touches on his delight in mythology, and describes how he felt within him capacities unrevealed. Suddenly his mind awoke, but not to peace; mental conflict swayed him, and even when calm returned, it was not final, but only the result of music's revelation and of his labour for achievement. He had passed through the waking to beauty in things and his choice fell "not so much on a system as a man" (403*b*, 1888), and he thought that in his discipleship, earth would be as heaven and his song prophetic. Pausing for a moment, he tells Pauline of this time of joy, how he allowed his mind the fascination of search, the excitement of endeavour; yet

it was but a dream, and the poet relapsed once more into cynicism. From this came mental pride, and he grew confident, thinking that in a life devoted to pleasure he could find his goal. Then he retired once more into himself, and put his trust in his power to move men by his poetic creations. This, however, led him again to self-absorption, and he realised that his soul sought a greater freedom, which it could obtain by a full mastery of his restless passion. Then a higher ideal arose, and he knew that if an opportunity came he could aspire to it triumphantly. Such a crisis seems to him for a moment the reconciliation of past and present ; but further reflection shows him that he is but juggling with his reason, that he is under the spell of the conception of liberty, and of love for an imaginised Pauline. Yet he knows beneath this that the belief is only a mood, and from his heart addresses the real woman. He tells her that, in fancy, he has lived the life of animate creation, and bids her fly with him to " a home, out of the world, in thought." Then follows a magnificent passage describing this " home " through which their souls will wander. But even this beautiful world does not lift his sadness from him, and he despairs because he cannot taste " all joy." He asks the Deity where these " struggling aims " lead, and receives answer that they lead to Him. At this point in the poem occurs a French footnote of some length, purporting to be by Pauline, in which she discusses the mental attitude of the poet (p. 56). This is perhaps the most enlightening statement on the poem, as it throws illumination on Browning's interpretation of his work. It suggests that the writer is not entirely clear in his conception of what has passed, but that re-

arrangement is impossible on account of the involutions of his mind. She touches on the achievement of the poet, namely, the advance from one level of thought to another, with retrovision from each. Browning here shows that he realised the description of personal mental experience in verse to be a subject of great difficulty unless made under the cover of allegory. The remaining pages of the poem are similar in style to those already discussed. After the poet's impassioned expression of his hunger for God follows a prayer to Him for revelation of Himself ; and then, as the light breaks on him, he sees the error of his previous conceptions, and repentant at having denied the love of Christ, devotes himself to "the faith." Then the analysis approaches its conclusion. The poetical thinker becomes the disciple of love, which he apostrophises in a "Pauline" spiritual and actual. Once again he returns to the past darkness, but only to contrast it with the present peace, in which the radiance of trust shines over him—trust no longer in his own powers, but in the human sympathy of Pauline, who loved him, thought-tossed and self-tortured, and with whom he can now pass beyond the veil of life in transcendent vision of a world where he knows "I shall be priest and lover as of old." Not unguided will he wander, for the poet he worshipped will lead him ; not fearful, for his last state is "happy, free from doubt."

This interpretation of "Pauline" serves to confirm the criticism of Stopford Brooke : "He had the courage of his aims in art, and while he frequently shaped in verse the vigorous movement of life . . . he went quietly, amid the silence of the world, to paint also the slowly interwoven

and complex pattern of the inner life of men.”¹ And this first poem is a “complex pattern of the inner life.” Browning has relieved himself of the doubts and perplexities which assailed his growing manhood ; for, outwardly placid as was his life, no one could have achieved his clear sane optimism, untried by battle with and victory over indifference and despair.

Many minds discover that they have passed through the same experiences as the lover of Pauline, and find in his search for light a similarity to their own. To such this early work of genius will always be a revelation and a joy ; nor will they fail to sympathise with the moods of the poet or to guess his meaning. Confused though it may be, unequal in expression, rising to glorious poetry, sinking to prosaic passage, it remains a unique study of deep passion, of mental development, and of spiritual attainment.

“ For this song shall remain to tell for ever
That when I lost all hope of such a change,
Suddenly Beauty rose on me again. . . .”

N. H. W.

LONDON, *September* 1930.

¹ *The Poetry of Robert Browning*, London, 1902, p. 9.

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

1867

The poems that follow are printed in the order of their publication. The first piece in the series, I acknowledge and retain with extreme repugnance, indeed purely of necessity ; for not long ago I inspected one, and am certified of the existence of other transcripts, intended sooner or later to be published abroad : by forestalling these, I can at least correct some misprints (no syllable is changed) and introduce a boyish work by an exculpatory word. The thing was my earliest attempt at "poetry always dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine," which I have since written according to a scheme less extravagant and a scale less impracticable than were ventured upon in this crude preliminary sketch—a sketch that, on reviewal, appears not altogether wide of some hint of the characteristic features of that particular *dramatis persona* it would fain have reproduced : good draughtsmanship, however, and right handling were far beyond the artist at that time.

R. B.

LONDON, *December* 25, 1867.

1888

This note is repeated.

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

1888

I preserve, in order to supplement it, the foregoing preface. I had thought, when compelled to include in my collected works the poem to which it refers, that the honest course would be to reprint, and leave mere literary errors unaltered. Twenty years' endurance of an eyesore seems more than sufficient : my faults remain duly recorded against me, and I claim permission to somewhat diminish these, so far as style is concerned, in the present and final edition where " Pauline " must needs, first of my performances, confront the reader. I have simply removed solecisms, mended the metre a little, and endeavoured to strengthen the phraseology—experience helping, in some degree, the helplessness of juvenile haste and heat in their untried adventure long ago.

The poems that follow are again, as before, printed in chronological order ; but only so far as proves compatible with the prescribed size of each volume, which necessitates an occasional change in the distribution of its contents. Every date is subjoined as before.

R. B.

LONDON, *February* 27, 1888.

NOTE ON THIS EDITION

THE text of the poem is reprinted from one of the copies in the British Museum, and the pagination will be found to correspond with that of the original. The alterations introduced by the poet in the 1867 and 1888 versions of the work are given as footnotes to the earlier printing ; and in order to facilitate reference, the lines have been numbered.

It will be noticed that the changes made in the version of 1867 are slight, and usually deal only with the punctuation ; but that those of 1888 are of more interest. These amendments may be grouped as follows : definite alterations (634-649) ; a new arrangement of words (166 and 193) ; an extension of a short line, as when " The time, which was an hour, that one waits " becomes " The time which was an hour one fondly waits " (430) ; the omission of repeated conjunctions (443) ; and even the addition of a fresh sentence (403). Another metrical device adopted by the poet is to conclude the line with a dactyl and a spondee, a departure which makes for variety in a continuous series of iambic pentameters (570 and 664).

It is, however, doubtful whether such alterations, which indeed occur most frequently in the prosaic passages of the poem, have " removed solecisms, mended the metre or strengthened the phraseology." Many lines have little music, and the expression is laboured save where the imagination of the poet harmonises his language in a beautiful simile or description. Moreover, it is strange that a writer who could achieve such a perfect picture as " Night

and one single ridge of narrow path " (732 *et seq.*), could pen a passage as unpoetical as that commencing, "'Twas in my plan to look in real life" (440 *et seq.*). In this early work, indeed, Browning shows many of the irregularities and characteristics of his future style.

PAULINE;

A

Fragment of a Confession.

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été,
Et ne le sçaurois jamais être.
MAROT.

London :
Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.
1833.

1867 & 1888

PAULINE :
A fragment of a Confession

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été
Et ne le sçaurois jamais être.
MAROT.

(3) Non dubito, quin titulus libri nostri raritate suâ quamplurimos alliciat ad legendum: inter quos nonnulli obliquae opinionis, mente languidi, multi etiam maligni, et in ingenium nostrum ingrati accedent, qui temerariâ suâ ignorantîâ, vix conspecto titulo clamabunt: Nos vetita docere, haeresium semina jacere: piis auribus offendiculo, praeclaris ingeniis scandalo esse: adeo conscientiae suae consulentes, ut nec Apollo, nec Musae omnes, neque Angelus de coelo me ab illorum execratione vindicare queant: quibus et ego nunc consulo, ne scripta nostra legant, nec intelligant, nec meminerint: nam noxia sunt, venenosa sunt: Acherontis ostium est in hoc libro, lapides loquitur, caveant, ne cerebrum illis excutiat. Vos autem, qui aequâ mente ad legendum venitis, si tantam prudentiae discretionem adhibueritis, quantam in melle legendo apes, jam securi legite. Puto namque vos et utilitatis haud parum et voluptatis plurimum accepturos. Quod si qua reperitis, quae vobis non placeant, mittite illa, nec utimini. NAM ET EGO VOBIS ILLA NON PROBO, SED NARRO. Caetera tamen propterea non respuite. Ideo, si quid liberius dictum sit, ignoscite adolescentiae nostrae, qui minor quam adolescens hoc opus composui.

H. COR. AGRIPPA, *De Occur. Phil.*

LONDON, *January*, 1833.
V.A.XX.

1867

Reference runs—Hen. Corn. Agrippa, *De Occult. Philosoph.* in Prefat.

1888

(This introduction would appear less absurdly pretentious did it apply, as was intended, to a completed structure of which the poem was meant for only a beginning and remains a fragment.)

PAULINE.

- (5) Pauline, mine own, bend o'er me—thy soft breast
 Shall pant to mine—bend o'er me—thy sweet eyes,
 And loosened hair, and breathing lips, and arms
 Drawing me to thee—these build up a screen
 To shut me in with thee, and from all fear, 5
 So that I might unlock the sleepless brood
 Of fancies from my soul, their lurking place,
 Nor doubt that each would pass, ne'er to return
-

	1867	
And loosened hair and breathing lips, and arms		3
To shut me in with thee, and from all fear ;		5

Notes. Where the reading of the 1888 edition is similar to
 • that of 1867 ; the alteration from the text is not
 repeated.

- To one so watched, so loved, and so secured. . (6)
- 10 But what can guard thee but thy naked love ?
 Ah, dearest ! whoso sucks a poisoned wound
 Envenoms his own veins,—thou art so good,
 So calm—if thou should'st wear a brow less light
 For some wild thought which, but for me, were kept
 15 From out thy soul, as from a sacred star.
 Yet till I have unlocked them it were vain
 To hope to sing ; some woe would light on me,
 Nature would point at one, whose quivering lip
 Was bathed in her enchantments—whose brow burned
 20 Beneath the crown, to which her secrets knelt ;
 Who learned the spell which can call up the dead,
 And then departed, smiling like a fiend
 Who has deceived God. If such one should seek
 Again her altars, and stand robed and crowned
 25 Amid the faithful : sad confession first,

1867

- 9 To one so watched, so loved and so secured.
 11 Ah dearest, whoso sucks a poisoned wound
 Envenoms his own veins ! Thou art so good,
 15 From out thy soul as from a sacred star !
 17 To hope to sing ; some woe would light on me ;
 Nature would point at one whose quivering lip
 Was bathed in her enchantments, whose brow burned
 Beneath the crown to which her secrets knelt, •
 22 And then departed smiling like a fiend
 Who has deceived God, if such one should seek
 Again her altars and stand robed and crowned

1888

- 25 Amid the faithful ! Sad confession first,

- (7) Remorse and pardon, and old claims renewed,
Ere I can be—as I shall be no more.

I had been spared this shame, if I had sate
By thee for ever, from the first, in place
Of my wild dreams of beauty and of good, 30
Or with them, as an earnest of their truth.
No thought nor hope, having been shut from thee,
No vague wish unexplained—no wandering aim
Sent back to bind on Fancy's wings, and seek
Some strange fair world, where it might be a law ; 35
But doubting nothing, had been led by thee,
Thro' youth, and saved, as one at length awaked,
Who has slept thro' a peril. Ah ! vain, vain !

:

Thou lovest me—the past is in its grave,
Tho' its ghost haunts us—still this much is ours 40

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Remorse and pardon and old claims renewed, 26
I had been spared this shame if I had sat 28
By thee for ever from the first, in place
Or with them, as an earnest of their truth : 31
No thought nor hope having been shut from thee,
No vague wish unexplained, no wandering aim
Sent back to bind on fancy's wings and seek
Some strange fair world where it might be a law ;
Who has slept through a peril. Ah vain, vain ! 38
Thou lovest me ; the past is in its grave 39
Tho' its ghost haunts us ; still this much is ours,

1888

But, doubting nothing, had been led by thee, 36

- To cast away restraint, lest a worse thing . (8)
 Wait for us in the darkness. Thou lovest me,
 And thou art to receive not love, but faith,
 For which thou wilt be mine, and smile, and take
 45 All shapes, and shames, and veil without a fear
 That form which music follows like a slave ;
 And I look to thee, and I trust in thee,
 As in a Northern night one looks alway
 Unto the East for morn, and spring and joy.
 50 Thou seest then my aimless, hopeless state,
 And resting on some few old feelings, won
 Back by thy beauty, would'st that I essay
 The task, which was to me what now thou art :
 And why should I conceal one weakness more ?
 :
- 55 Thou wilt remember one warm morn, when Winter
 Crept aged from the earth, and Spring's first breath

1867

- 42 Wait for us in the darkness. Thou lovest me ;
 And thou art to receive not love but faith,
 For which thou wilt be mine, and smile and take
 - All shapes and shames, and veil without a fear
 That form which music follows like a slave :
 And I look to thee and I trust in thee,
 49 Unto the East for morn and spring and joy.
 51 And, resting on some few old feelings won .
 53 The task which was to me what now thou art :
 55 Thou wilt remember one warm morn when winter
 Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first breath

1888

- 42 Wait for us in the dark. Thou lovest me ;

- (9) Blew soft from the moist hills—the black-thorn
 boughs,
 So dark in the bare wood ; when glistening
 In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
 Like the bright side of a sorrow—and the banks 60
 Had violets opening from sleep like eyes—
 I walked with thee, who knew not a deep shame
 Lurked beneath smiles and careless words, which
 sought
 To hide it—till they wandered and were mute ;
 As we stood listening on a sunny mound 65
 To the wind murmuring in the damp copse,
 Like heavy breathings of some hidden thing
 Betrayed by sleep—until the feeling rushed
 That I was low indeed, yet not so low :
 As to endure the calmness of thine eyes ; 70
 And so I told thee all, while the cool breast

1867

- Blew soft from the moist hills ; the black-thorn boughs, 57
 So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
 Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks 60
 Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.
 I walked with thee who knew not a deep shame
 Lurked beneath smiles and careless words which sought
 To hide it till they wandered and were mute,
 Betrayed by sleep ; until the feeling rushed 68

1888

- I walked with thee who knew'st not a deep shame 62

- I leaned on altered not its quiet beating ; (10)
 And long ere words, like a hurt bird's complaint,
 Bade me look up and be what I had been,
 75 I felt despair could never live by thee.
 Thou wilt remember :—thou art not more dear
 Than song was once to me ; and I ne'er sung
 But as one entering bright halls, where all
 Will rise and shout for him. Sure I must own
 80 That I am fallen—having chosen gifts
 Distinct from theirs—that I am sad—and fain
 Would give up all to be but where I was ;
 Not high as I had been, if faithful found—
 But low and weak, yet full of hope, and sure
 85 Of goodness as of life—that I would lose
 All this ~~gay~~ mastery of mind, to sit
 Once more with them, trusting in truth and love,
 And with an aim—not being what I am.

1867

- 72 I leaned on altered not its quiet beating,
 And long ere words like a hurt bird's complaint
 75 I felt despair could never live by thee :
 Thou wilt remember. Thou art not more dear
 78 But as one entering bright halls where all
 Will rise and shout for him : sure I must own
 That I am fallen, having chosen gifts
 Distinct from theirs—that I am sad and fain
 Would give up all to be but where I was,
 Not high as I had been if faithful found,
 But low and weak yet full of hope, and sure

1888

- 72 I leaned on altered not its quiet beating :
 87 Once more with them, trusting in truth and love

- (11) Oh, Pauline ! I am ruined ! who believed
 That tho' my soul had floated from its sphere 90
 Of wild dominion into the dim orb
 Of self—that it was strong and free as ever :—
 It has conformed itself to that dim orb,
 Reflecting all its shades and shapes, and now
 Must stay where it alone can be adored. 95
 I have felt this in dreams—in dreams in which
 I seemed the fate from which I fled ; I felt
 A strange delight in causing my decay ;
 I was a fiend, in darkness chained for ever
 Within some ocean-cave ; and ages rolled, 100
 Till thro' the cleft rock, like a moonbeam, came
 A white swan to remain with me ; and ages
 Rolled, yet I tired not of my first joy ;
 In gazing on the peace of its pure wings.
 And then I said, “ It is most fair to me, 105

1867

- Oh Pauline, I am ruined who believed 89
 That though my soul had floated from its sphere
 Of self—that it was strong and free as ever ! 92
 I was a fiend in darkness chained for ever 99
 Till through the cleft rock, like a moonbeam, came 101
 In gazing on the peace of its pure wings : 104
 And then I said “ It is most fair to me,

1888

- A strange delight in causing my decay. 98
 Rolled, yet I tired not of my first free joy 103

- " Yet its soft wings must sure have suffered change (12)
 " From the thick darkness—sure its eyes are dim—
 " Its silver pinions must be cramped and numbed
 " With sleeping ages here ; it cannot leave me,
 110 " For it would seem, in light, beside its kind,
 " Withered—tho' here to me most beautiful."
 And then I was a young witch, whose blue eyes,
 As she stood naked by the river springs,
 Drew down a god—I watched his radiant form
 115 Growing less radiant—and it gladdened me ;
 Till one morn, as he sat in the sunshine
 Upon my knees, singing to me of heaven,
 He turned to look at me, ere I could lose
 The grin with which I viewed his perishing.
 120 And he shrieked and departed, and sat long
 By his deserted throne—but sunk at last,
 Murmuring, as I kissed his lips and curled

1867

- 107 " From the thick darkness, sure its eyes are dim,
 110 " For it would seem, in light beside its kind,
 " Withered, tho' here to me most beautiful."
 And then I was a young witch whose blue eyes,
 114 Drew down a god ; I watched his radiant form
 Growing less radiant and it gladdened me ;
 119 The grin with which I viewed his perishing :
 And he shrieked and departed and sat long
 By his deserted throne, but sunk at last

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- 115 Growing less radiant, and it gladdened me ;
 Break in text after line 123.

- (13) Around him, "I am still a god—to thee."
 Still I can lay my soul bare in its fall,
 For all the wandering and all the weakness 125
 Will be a saddest comment on the song.
 And if, that done, I can be young again,
 I will give up all gained as willingly
 As one gives up a charm which shuts him out
 From hope, or part, or care, in human kind. 130
 As life wanes, all its cares, and strife, and toil,
 Seem strangely valueless, while the old trees
 Which grew by our youth's home—the waving
 mass
 Of climbing plants, heavy with bloom and dew—
 The morning swallows with their songs like words,—
 All these seem clear and only worth our thoughts.
 So aught connected with my early life—
 My rude songs or my wild imaginings,

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- Will be a saddest comment on the song : 126
 I will give up all gained, as willingly 128
 From hope or part or care in human kind. 130
 As life wanes, all its cares and strife and toil
 Which grew by our youth's home, the waving 133
 mass
 Of climbing plants heavy with bloom and dew,
 The morning swallows with their songs like words,
 All these seem clear and only worth our thoughts :
 So, aught connected with my early life,

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- Since all the wandering and all the weakness 125
 Which grew by our youth's home, the waving mass, 133

How I look on them—most distinct amid . (14)
 140 The fever and the stir of after years !

I ne'er had ventured e'en to hope for this,
 Had not the glow I felt at His award,
 Assured me all was not extinct within.
 Him whom all honor—whose renown springs up
 145 Like sunlight which will visit all the world ;
 So that e'en they who sneered at him at first,
 Come out to it, as some dark spider crawls
 From his foul nets, which some lit torch invades,
 Yet spinning still new films for his retreat.—
 150 Thou didst smile, poet,—but, can *we* forgive ?

✓ Sun treader—life and light be thine for ever ;
 Thou art gone from us—years go by—and spring
 Gladdens, and the young earth is beautiful,

1867

141 I ne'er had ventured e'er to hope for this ;
 143 Assured me all was not extinct within :
 His whom all honor, whose renown springs up
 Like sunlight which will visit all the world,
 148 From his foul nets which some lit torch invades,
 Yet spinning still new films for his retreat.
 Thou didst smile, poet, but can we forgive ?
 Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever !
 Thou art gone from us ; years go by and spring
 Gladdens and the young earth is beautiful

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144 His whom all honour, whose renown springs up
 Break in text after line 150.
 153 Gladdens and the young earth is beautiful,

- (15) Yet thy songs come not—other bards arise,
 But none like thee—they stand—thy majesties, 155
 Like mighty works which tell some Spirit there
 Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
 Till, its long task completed, it hath risen
 And left us, never to return : and all
 Rush in to peer and praise when all in vain. 160
 The air seems bright with thy past presence yet,
 But thou art still for me, as thou hast been
 When I have stood with thee, as on a throne
 With all thy dim creations gathered round
 Like mountains,—and I felt of mould like them, 165
 And creatures of my own were mixed with them,
 Like things half-lived, catching and giving life.
 But thou art still for me, who have adored,
 Tho' single, panting but to hear thy name,
 Which I believed a spell to me alone, 170

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- Yet thy songs come not, other bards arise, 154
 But none like thee : they stand, thy majesties,
 Like mighty works which tell some spirit there
 And left us, never to return, and all 159
 But thou art still for me as thou hast been 162
 Like mountains, and I felt of mould like them, 165
 But thou art still for me, who have adored 168
 Tho' single, panting but to hear thy name

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- And with them creatures of my own were mixed, 166
 But thou art still for me who have adored 168

- Scarce deeming thou wert as a star to men— (16)
 As one should worship long a sacred spring
 Scarce worth a moth's flitting, which long grasses
 cross,
 And one small tree embowers droopingly,
 175 Joying to see some wandering insect won,
 To live in its few rushes—or some locust
 To pasture on its boughs—or some wild bird
 Stoop for its freshness from the trackless air,
 And then should find it but the fountain-head,
 180 Long lost, of some great river—washing towns
 And towers, and seeing old woods which will live
 But by its banks, untrod of human foot,
 Which, when the great sun sinks, lie quivering
 In light as some thing lieth half of life
 185 Before God's foot—waiting a wondrous change
 —Then girt with rocks which seek to turn or stay

1867

- 171 Scarce deeming thou wast as a star to men !
 175 Joying to see some wandering insect won
 To live in its few rushes, or some locust
 To pasture on its boughs, or some wild bird
 Stoop for its freshness from the trackless air :
 180 Long lost, of some great river washing towns
 182 But by its banks untrod of human foot,
 185 Before God's foot, waiting a wondrous change ;
 Then girt with rocks which seek to turn or stay

1888

- 174 And one small tree embowers droopingly—

- (17) Its course in vain, for it does ever spread
 Like a sea's arm as it goes rolling on,
 Being the pulse of some great country—so
 Wert thou to me—and art thou to the world. 190
 And I, perchance, half feel a strange regret,
 That I am not what I have been to thee :
 Like a girl one has loved long silently,
 In her first loveliness, in some retreat,
 When first emerged, all gaze and glow to view 195
 Her fresh eyes, and soft hair, and lips which bleed
 Like a mountain berry. Doubtless it is sweet
 To see her thus adored—but there have been
 Moments, when all the world was in his praise,
 Sweeter than all the pride of after hours. 200
 Yet, Sun-treader, all hail !—from my heart's heart
 I bid thee hail !—e'en in my wildest dreams,
 I am proud to feel I would have thrown up all

1867

- Wast thou to me, and art thou to the world ! 190
 Like a girl one has loved long silently 193
 In her first loveliness in some retreat,
 When, first emerged, all gaze and glow to view
 Her fresh eyes and soft hair and lips which bleed
 Like a mountain berry : doubtless it is sweet
 To see her thus adored, but there have been
 Moments when all the world was in his praise,
 Yet, sun-treader, all hail ! From my heart's heart 201
 I bid thee hail ! E'en in my wildest dreams,

1888

- Like a girl one has silently loved long 193
 In her first loneliness in some retreat,
 When, late emerged, all gaze and glow to view
 Her fresh eyes and soft hair and lips which bloom
 Moments when all the world was in our praise, 199
 Sweeter than any pride of after hours.
 I proudly feel I would have thrown to dust 203

The wreathes of fame which seemed o'erhanging me, (18)
 205 To have seen thee, for a moment, as thou art.

And if thou livest—if thou lovest, spirit !
 Remember me, who set this final seal
 To wandering thought—that one so pure as thou
 Could never die. Remember me, who flung
 210 All honor from my soul—yet paused and said,
 “ There is one spark of love remaining yet,
 “ For I have nought in common with him—shapes
 “ Which followed him avoid me, and foul forms
 “ Seek me, which ne'er could fasten on his mind ;
 215 “ And tho' I feel how low I am to him,
 “ Yet I aim not even to catch a tone
 “ Of all the harmonies which he called up,
 “ So one gleam still remains, altho' the last.”
 Remember me—who praise thee e'en with tears,

1867

205 To have seen thee for a moment as thou art.
 And if thou livest, if thou lovest, spirit !
 Remember me who set this final seal
 209 Could never die. Remember me who flung
 All honor from my soul yet paused and said,
 212 “ For I have nought in common with him, shapes
 215 “ And though I feel how low I am to him,
 218 “ So, one gleam still remains, although the last.”
 Remember me who praise thee e'en with tears,

1888

204 The wreaths of fame which seemed o'erhanging me,
 To see thee for a moment as thou art.
 Break in text after line 205.
 210 All honour from my soul, yet paused and said
 217 “ Of harmonies he called profusely up ;

- (19) For never more shall I walk calm with thee ; 220
 Thy sweet imaginings are as an air,
 A melody, some wond'rous singer sings,
 Which, though it haunt men oft in the still eve,
 They dream not to essay ; yet it no less,
 But more is honored. I was thine in shame, 225
 And now when all thy proud renown is out,
 I am a watcher, whose eyes have grown dim
 With looking for some star—which breaks on him,
 Altered, and worn, and weak, and full of tears.

Autumn has come—like Spring returned to us, 230
 Won from her girlishness—like one returned
 A friend that was a lover—nor forgets
 The first warm love, but full of sober thoughts
 Of fading years ; whose soft mouth quivers yet
 With the old smile—but yet so changed and still ! 235

1867

A melody some wondrous singer sings,	222
They dream not to essay ; yet it no less	224
I am a watcher whose eyes have grown dim	227
With looking for some star which breaks on him	
Altered and worn and weak and full of tears.	
Autumn has come like spring returned to us,	230
Won from her girlishness ; like one returned	
A friend that was a lover nor forgets	
With the old smile but yet so changed and still !	235

1888

A friend that was a lover, nor forgets	232
With the old smile, but yet so changed and still !	235

- And here am I the scoffer, who have probed . (20)
 Life's vanity, won by a word again
 Into my old life—for one little word
 Of this sweet friend, who lives in loving me,
 240 Lives strangely on my thoughts, and looks, and words,
 As fathoms down some nameless ocean thing
 Its silent course of quietness and joy.
 O dearest, if, indeed I tell the past,
 May'st thou forget it as a sad sick dream ;
 245 Or if it linger—my lost soul too soon
 Sinks to itself, and whispers, we shall be
 But closer linked—two creatures whom the earth
 Bears singly—with strange feelings, unrevealed
 But to each other ; or two lonely things
 250 Created by some Power, whose reign is done,
 Having no part in God, or his bright world,
 I am to sing ; whilst ebbing day dies soft,

1867

- 238 Into my own life—for one little word
 Of this sweet friend who lives in loving me,
 Lives strangely on my thoughts and looks and words,
 243 O dearest, if indeed I tell the past,
 Mayst thou forget it as a sad sick dream !
 246 Sinks to itself and whispers, we shall be
 But closer linked, two creatures whom the earth
 Bears singly, with strange feelings unrevealed .
 250 Created by some power whose reign is done,
 Having no part in God or his bright world.
 I am to sing whilst ebbing day dies soft,

1888

- 238 Into my own life—by one little word
 246 Sinks to itself and whispers we shall be
 249 Save to each other ; or two lonely things

(21) As a lean scholar dies, worn o'er his book,
 And in the heaven stars steal out one by one,
 As hunted men steal to their mountain watch. 255
 I must not think—lest this new impulse die
 In which I trust. / I have no confidence,
 So I will sing on—fast as fancies come
 Rudely—the verse being as the mood it paints.)

I strip my mind bare—whose first elements 260
 I shall unveil—not as they struggled forth
 In infancy, nor as they now exist,
 That I am grown above them, and can rule them,
 But in that middle stage, when they were full,
 Yet ere I had disposed them to my will ; 265
 And then I shall show how these elements
 Produced my present state, and what it is.

1867

As a lean scholar dies worn o'er his book, 253
 I must not think, lest this new impulse die 256
 In which I trust ; I have no confidence :
 So, I will sing on fast as fancies come ;
 Rudely, the verse being as the mood it paints.
 I strip my mind bare, whose first elements 260
 That I am grown above them and can rule— 263
 But in that middle stage when they were full.

1888

And in the heaven stars steal out one by one 254
 But in that middle stage when they were full 264

- I am made up of an intensest life, . (22)
 Of a most clear idea of consciousness
 270 Of self—distinct from all its qualities,
 From all affections, passions, feelings, powers ;
 And thus far it exists, if tracked in all,
 But linked in me, to self-supremacy,
 Existing as a centre to all things,
 275 Most potent to create, and rule, and call
 Upon all things to minister to it ;
 And to a principle of restlessness
 Which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel, all—
 This is myself ; and I should thus have been,
 280 Though gifted lower than the meanest soul.

And of my powers, one springs up to save
 From utter death a soul with such desires
 Confined to clay—which is the only one

- 1867
 270 Of self, distinct from all its qualities,
 273 But linked, in me, to self-supremacy
 275 Most potent to create and rule and call
 279 This is myself ; and I should thus have been
 282 From utter death a soul with such desire

- 1888
 273 But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,
 283 Confined to clay—of powers the only one

(23) Which marks me—an imagination which
 Has been an angel to me—coming not 285
 In fitful visions, but beside me ever,
 And never failing me ; so tho' my mind
 Forgets not—not a shred of life forgets—
 Yet I can take a secret pride in calling
 The dark past up—to quell it regally. 290

A mind like this must dissipate itself,
 But I have always had one lode-star ; now,
 As I look back, I see that I have wasted,
 Or progressed as I looked towards that star—
 A need, a trust, a yearning after God, 295
 A feeling I have analysed but late,
 But it existed, and was reconciled .,
 With a neglect of all I deemed his laws,
 Which yet, when seen in others, I abhorred.

1867

Has been an angel to me, coming not 285
 In fitful visions but beside me ever
 And never failing me ; so, though my mind
 Forgets not, not a shred of life forgets,
 The dark past up to quell it regally. 290
 As I look back, I see that I have wasted 293

1888

Has been a very angel, coming not 285
 A mind like this must dissipate itself. 291
 As I look back, I see that I have halted 293
 Or hastened as I looked towards that star—

- 300 I felt as one beloved, and so shut in . (24)
 From fear—and thence I date my trust in signs
 And omens—for I saw God every where ;
 And I can only lay it to the fruit
 Of a sad after-time that I could doubt
 305 Even his being—having always felt
 His presence—never acting from myself,
 Still trusting in a hand that leads me through
 All danger ; and this feeling still has fought
 Against my weakest reason and resolves.
- 310 And I can love nothing—and this dull truth
 Has come the last—but sense supplies a love
 Encircling me and mingling with my life.
- These make myself—for I have sought in vain
 To trace how they were formed by circumstance,

1867

- 301 From fear : and thence I date my trust in signs
 And omens, for I saw God everywhere ;
 306 His presence, never acting from myself,
 309 Against my weakest reason and resolve.
 311 Has come the last : but sense supplies a love
 313 These make myself : for I have sought in vain

1888

- 305 Even his being—e'en the while I felt
 His presence, never acted from myself,
 Still trusted in a hand to lead me through
 All danger ; and this feeling ever fought
 313 These make myself : I have long sought in vain

(25) For I still find them—turning my wild youth 315
Where they alone displayed themselves, converting
All objects to their use—now see their course !

| They came to me in my first dawn of life,
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books,
All halo-girt with fancies of my own, 320
And I myself went with the tale—a god,
Wandering after beauty—or a giant,
Standing vast in the sunset—an old hunter,
Talking with gods—or a high-crested chief,
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos ;— 325
I tell you, nought has ever been so clear
As the place, the time, the fashion of those lives.
I had not seen a work of lofty art, .
Nor woman's beauty, nor sweet nature's face,
Yet, I say, never morn broke clear as those 330

1867

All objects to their use : now see their course. 317
They came to me in my first dawn of life 318
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books
All halo-girt with fancies of my own ;
Wandering after beauty, or a giant 322
Talking with gods, or a high-crested chief, 324
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos.
As the place, the time, the fashion of those lives : 327
Nor woman's beauty nor sweet nature's face 329

1888

Yet ever found them mould my wildest youth 315
Where they alone displayed themselves, converted
All objects to their use : now see their course
And I myself went with the tale—a god 321
Talking with gods, or a high-crested chief 324
Nor woman's beauty nor sweet nature's face, 329

On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea : . (26)
 The deep groves, and white temples, and wet caves—
 And nothing ever will surprise me now—
 Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,
 335 Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair.

An' strange it is, that I who could so dream,
 Should e'er have stooped to aim at aught beneath—
 Aught low, or painful, but I never doubted ;
 So as I grew, I rudely shaped my life
 340 To my immediate wants, yet strong beneath
 Was a vague sense of powers folded up—
 A sense that tho' those shadowy times were past,
 Their spirit dwelt in me, and I should rule.

•

Then came a pause, and long restraint chained
 down

1867

331 On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea,
 The deep groves and white temples and wet caves :
 336 And strange it is that I who could so dream
 339 So, as I grew, I rudely shaped my life
 342 A sense that though those shadowy times were past

1888

338 Aught low or painful ; but I never doubted :
 340 To my immediate wants ; yet strong beneath
 Was a vague sense of power though folded up—
 A sense that, though those shades and times were past,
 Their spirit dwelt in me, with them should rule.

-
- (27) My soul, till it was changed. I lost myself, 345
 And were it not that I so loathe that time,
 I could recall how first I learned to turn
 My mind against itself ; and the effects,
 In deeds for which remorse were vain, as for
 The wanderings of delirious dream ; yet thence 350
 Came cunning, envy, falsehood, which so long
 Have spotted me—at length I was restored,
 Yet long the influence remained ; and nought
 But the still life I led, apart from all,
 Which left my soul to seek its old delights, 355
 Could e'er have brought me thus far back to peace.
 As peace returned, I sought out some pursuit :
 And song rose—no new impulse—but the one
 With which all others best could be combined.
 My life has not been that of those whose heaven 360
 Was lampless, save where poesy shone out ;
-

1867

- My mind against itself ; and the effects 348
 In deeds for which remorse were vain as for
 Have spotted me : at length I was restored. 352
 And song rose, no new impulse but the one 358
 Was lampless save where poesy shone out ; 361

1888

- My soul till it was changed. I lost myself 345
 And were it not that I so loathe that loss,
 Came cunning, envy, falsehood, all world's wrong 351
 That spotted me : at length I cleansed my soul.
 Yet long world's influence remained ; and nought
 But the still life I led, apart once more,
 Which left me free to seek soul's old delights,

- But as a clime, where glittering mountain-tops, (28)
 And glancing sea, and forests steeped in light,
 Give back reflected the far-flashing sun ;
 365 For music, (which is earnest of a heaven,
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
Not else to be revealed,) is as a voice,
A low voice calling Fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer time.
 370 And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,
 Which have made painters pale ; and they go on
 While stars look at them, and winds call to them,
 As they leave life's path for the twilight world,
 Where the dead gather. This was not at first,
 375 For I scarce knew what I would do. I had
 No wish to paint, no yearning—but I sang.

And first I sang, as I in dream have seen,

1867

- 362 But as a clime where glittering mountain tops
 And glancing sea and forests steeped in light
 365 For music (which is earnest of a heaven,
 368 A low voice calling fancy, as a friend
 To the green woods in the gay summer time :
 And she fills all the way with dancing shapes
 372 While stars look at them and winds call to them
 As they leave life's path for the twilight world
 376 No wish to paint, no yearning, but I sang.
 377 And first I sang as I in dream have seen

1888

- 367 Not else to be revealed,) is like a voice,
 A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,
 372 Till stars look at them and winds call to them
 376 An impulse but no yearning—only sang.

- (29) Music wait on a lyrist for some thought,
 Yet singing to herself until it came.
 I turned to those old times and scenes, where all 380
 That's beautiful had birth for me, and made
 Rude verses on them all ; and then I paused—
 I had done nothing, so I sought to know
 What mind had yet achieved. No fear was mine
 As I gazed on the works of mighty bards, 385
 In the first joy at finding my own thoughts
 Recorded, and my powers exemplified,
 And feeling their aspirings were my own.
 And then I first explored passion and mind ;
 And I began afresh ; I rather sought 390
 To rival what I wondered at, than form
 Creations of my own ; so much was light
 Lent back by others, yet much was my own.

1867

I turned to those old times and scenes where all 380
 Recorded and my powers exemplified 387

1888

What other minds achieved. No fear outbroke 384
 As on the works of mighty bards I gazed,
 Recorded, my own fancies justified, 387
 And their aspirings but my very own.
 With them I first explored passion and mind,—
 All to begin afresh ! I rather sought
 To rival what I wondered at than form
 Creations of my own ; if much was light
 Lent by the others, much was yet my own.

I paused again—a change was coming on, . (30)
 395 I was no more a boy—the past was breaking
 Before the coming, and like fever worked.
 I first thought on myself—and here my powers
 Burst out. I dreamed not of restraint, but gazed
 On all things : schemes and systems went and came,
 400 And I was proud (being vainest of the weak),
 In wandering o'er them, to seek out some one
 To be my own ; as one should wander o'er
 The white way for a star.

* * * * *

On one, whom praise of mine would not offend,
 405 Who was as calm as beauty—being such
 Unto mankind as thou to me, Pauline,
 Believing in them, and devoting all
 His soul's strength to their winning back to peace ;
 Who sent forth hopes and longings for their sake,

1867

394 I paused again, a change was coming on,
 I was no more a boy, the past was breaking
 Before the coming and like fever worked.
 I first thought on myself, and here my powers
 Burst out : I dreamed not of restraint but gazed
 401 In wandering o'er them to seek out some one
 To be my own, as one should wander o'er
 No break after half-line 403.
 403a And my choice fell
 b Not so much on a system as a man—
 405 Who was as calm as beauty, being such
 Unto mankind as thou to me, Pauline,—
 Believing in them and devoting all

1888

394 I paused again : a change was coming—came :
 396 Before the future and like fever worked.
 I thought on my new self, and all my powers
 Burst out. I dreamed not of restraint ; but gazed
 401 In wandering o'er thought's world to seek some one

- (31) Clothed in all passion's melodies, which first 410
 Caught me, and set me, as to a sweet task,
 To gather every breathing of his songs.
 And woven with them there were words, which seemed
 A key to a new world ; the muttering
 Of angels, of some thing unguessed by man. 415
 How my heart beat, as I went on, and found
 Much there ! I felt my own mind had conceived,
 But there living and burning ; soon the whole
 Of his conceptions dawned on me ; their praise
 Is in the tongues of men ; men's brows are high 420
 When his name means a triumph and a pride ;
 So my weak hands may well forbear to dim
 What then seemed my bright fate : I threw myself
 To meet it. I was vowed to liberty, '
Men were to be as gods, and earth as heaven. 425
 And I—ah ! what a life was mine to be,

1867

- Caught me and set me, as to a sweet task 411
 To gather every breathing of his songs :
 And woven with them there were words which seemed
 A key to a new world, the muttering
 Of angels of some thing unguessed by man.
 How my heart beat as I went on and found
 Much there, I felt my own mind had conceived,
 But there living and burning ! Soon the whole
 When his name means a triumph and a pride, 421
 So, my weak hands may well forbear to dim
 To meet it, I was vowed to liberty, 424
 Men were to be as gods and earth as heaven,
 And I—ah, what a life was mine to be !

1888

- Clothed in all passion's melodies : such first 410
 Caught me and set me, slave of a sweet task,
 To disentangle, gather sense from song :
 Since, song-inwoven, lurked there words which seemed
 Of angels, something yet unguessed by man. 415
 How my heart leapt as still I sought and found

My whole soul rose to meet it. Now, Pauline, (32)
I shall go mad, if I recall that time.

* * * * *

- O let me look back, e'er I leave for ever
430 The time, which was an hour, that one waits
For a fair girl, that comes a withered hag.
And I was lonely,—far from woods and fields,
And amid dullest sights, who should be loose
As a stag—yet I was full of joy—who lived
435 With Plato—and who had the key to life.
And I had dimly shaped my first attempt,
And many a thought did I build up on thought,
As the wild bee hangs cell to cell—in vain ;
For I must still go on : my mind rests not.
.
440 'Twas in my plan to look on real life,
Which was all new to me ; my theories

1867

- 428 I shall go mad if I recall that time !
429 Oh let me look back e'er I leave for ever
The time which was an hour that one waits
For a fair girl that comes a withered hag !
And I was lonely, far from woods and fields,
434 As a stag ; yet I was full of joy, who lived
With Plato and who had the key to life ;
438 As the wild bee hangs cell to cell ; in vain
For I must still go on, my mind rests not.
440 'Twas in my plan to look on real life

1888

- 428 I shall go mad, if I recall that time !
429 Oh let me look back ere I leave for ever
The time which was an hour one fondly waits
434 As a stag ; yet I was full of bliss, who lived
439 For I must still advance, no rest for mind.
440 'Twas in my plan to look on real life,
The life all new to me ; my theories

- (33) Were firm, so I left them, to look upon
Men, and their cares, and hopes, and fears, and joys ;
And, as I pondered on them all, I sought
How best life's end might be attained—an end 445
Comprising every joy. I deeply mused.

And suddenly, without heart-wreck, I awoke
As from a dream—I said, 'twas beautiful,
Yet but a dream ; and so adieu to it.
As some world-wanderer sees in a far meadow 450
Strange towers, and walled gardens, thick with trees,
Where singing goes on, and delicious mirth,
And laughing fairy creatures peeping over,
And on the morrow, when he comes to live
For ever by those springs, and trees, fruit-flushed 455
And fairy bowers—all his search is vain.
Well I remember . . . * *

1867

Men and their cares and hopes and fears and joys ; 443
And as I pondered on them all I sought
And suddenly without heart-wreck I awoke 447
As from a dream : I said " 'Twas beautiful
" Yet but a dream, and so adieu to it !"
Strange towers and walled gardens thick with trees, 451
Where singing goes on and delicious mirth
And on the morrow when he comes to live 454
For ever by those springs and trees fruit-flushed
And fairy bowers, all his search is vain.
Omit line 457.

1888

Were firm, so them I left, to look and learn 442
Mankind, its cares, hopes, fears, its woes and joys ;
And, as I pondered on their ways, I sought
Strange towers and high-walled gardens thick with trees, 451
Where song takes shelter and delicious mirth
From laughing fairy creatures peeping over,
And on the morrow when he comes to lie

First went my hopes of perfecting mankind, . (34)
 And faith in them—then freedom in itself,
 460 And virtue in itself—and then my motives' ends,
 And powers and loves ; and human love went last.
 I felt this no decay, because new powers
 Rose as old feelings left—wit, mockery,
 And happiness ; for I had oft been sad,
 465 Mistrusting my resolves : but now I cast
 Hope joyously away—I laughed and said,
 “ No more of this ”—I must not think ; at length
 I look'd again to see how all went on.

My powers were greater—as some temple seemed
 470 My soul, where nought is changed, and incense rolls
 Around the altar—only God is gone,
 And some dark spirit sitteth in his seat !
 So I passed through the temple ; and to me

1867

459 And faith in them, then freedom in itself
 And virtue in itself, and then my motives, ends
 And powers and loves, and human love went last.
 466 Hope joyously away : I laughed and said
 “ No more of this ! ” I must not think : at length
 I looked again to see how all went on.
 470 My soul, where nought is changed and incense rolls
 Around the altar, only God is gone
 And some dark spirit sitteth in his seat.
 So, I passed through the temple and to me

1888

459 Next—faith in them, and then in freedom's self
 And virtue's self, then my own motives, ends
 And aims and loves, and human love went last.
 464 Light-heartedness ; for I had oft been sad,
 468 I looked again to see if all went well.

- (35) Kneelt troops of shadows ; and they cried, " Hail, king !
 " We serve thee now, and thou shalt serve no more ! 475
 " Call on us, prove us, let us worship thee ! "
 And I said, " Are ye strong—let fancy bear me
 " Far from the past."—And I was borne away
 As Arab birds float sleeping in the wind,
 O'er deserts, towers, and forests, I being calm ; 480
 And I said, " I have nursed up energies,
 " They will prey on me." And a band knelt low,
 And cried, " Lord, we are here, and we will make
 " A way for thee—in thine appointed life
 " O look on us ! " And I said, " Ye will worship 485
 " Me ; but my heart must worship too." They shouted,
 " Thyself—thou art our king ! " So I stood there
 Smiling . . . * * * .

And buoyant and rejoicing was the spirit

1867
 Kneelt troops of shadows and they cried " Hail, king ! 474
 " We serve thee now and thou shalt serve no more !
 And I said " Are ye strong ? Let fancy bear me 477
 " Far from the past ! " And I was borne away,
 O'er deserts, towers and forests, I being calm ; 480
 And cried " Lord, we are here and we will make 483
 " A way for thee in thine appointed life !
 " Thyself, thou art our king ! " So, I stood there 487
 No break in text after line 488.

1888
 O'er deserts, towers and forests, I being calm. 480
 " They will prey on me." And a band knelt low 482
 " Safe way for thee in thine appointed life ! 484
 " But look on us ! " And I said " Ye will worship
 " Me ; should my heart not worship too ? " They shouted
 Smiling—oh, vanity of vanities ! 488
 For buoyant and rejoicing was the spirit

- 490 With which I looked out how to end my days ; (36)
 I felt once more myself—my powers were mine ;
 I found that youth or health so lifted me,
 That, spite of all life's vanity, no grief
 Came nigh me—I must ever be light-hearted ;
 495 And that this feeling was the only veil
 Betwixt me and despair : so if age came,
 I should be as a wreck linked to a soul
 Yet fluttering, or mind-broken, and aware
 Of my decay. So a long summer morn
 500 Found me ; and e'er noon came, I had resolved
 No age should come on me, ere youth's hopes went,
 For I would wear myself out—like that morn
 Which wasted not a sunbeam—every joy
 I would make mine, and die ; and thus I sought
 505 To chain my spirit down, which I had fed
 With thoughts of fame. I said, the troubled life

1867

- 491 I felt once more myself, my powers were mine
 494 Came nigh me, I must ever be light-hearted ;
 496 Betwixt me and despair : so, if age came,
 498 Yet fluttering, or mind-broken and aware
 501 No age should come on me ere youth's hope went,
 For I would wear myself out, like that morn
 Which wasted not a sunbeam ; every joy
 I would make mine and die. And thus I sought
 To chain my spirit down which I had fed
 With thoughts of fame : I said " The troubled life

1888

- 490 With which I looked out how to end my course ;
 I felt once more myself, my powers—all mine ;
 I knew while youth and health so lifted me
 That, spite of all life's nothingness, no grief
 495 And that this knowledge was the only veil
 Betwixt joy and despair : so, if age came,
 I should be left—a wreck linked to a soul
 501 No age should come on me ere youth was spent,

- (37) Of genius seen so bright when working forth
 Some trusted end, seems sad, when all in vain—
 Most sad, when men have parted with all joy
 For their wild fancy's sake, which waited first, 510
 As an obedient spirit, when delight
 Came not with her alone, but alters soon,
 Coming darkened, seldom, hasting to depart,
 Leaving a heavy darkness and warm tears.

But I shall never lose her ; she will live 515
 Brighter for such seclusion—I but catch
 A hue, a glance of what I sing, so pain
 Is linked with pleasure, for I ne'er may tell
 The radiant sights which dazzle me ; but now
 They shall be all my own, and let them fade 520
 Untold—others shall rise as fair, as fast.
 And when all's done, the few dim gleams transferred,—

1867

- “ Of genius, seen so bright when working forth 507
 “ Some trusted end, seems sad when all in vain—
 “ Most sad when men have parted with all joy
 “ As an obedient spirit when delight 511
 “ Comes darkened, seldom, hastening to depart, 513
 No break in text after line 514.
 “ Brighter for such seclusion. I but catch 516
 “ A hue, a glance of what I sing, so, pain
 “ They shall be all my own ; and let them fade 520
 “ Untold—others shall rise as fair, as fast !

1888

- “ Of genius, seen so gay when working forth 507
 “ Some trusted end, grows sad when all proves vain—
 “ How sad when men have parted with truth's peace
 “ For falsest fancy's sake, which waited first
 “ Came without fancy's call : but alters soon, 512
 “ Comes darkened, seldom, hastens to depart,
 “ Dearer for such seclusion. I but catch 516

- (For a new thought sprung up—that it were well (38)
 To leave all shadowy hopes, and weave such lays
 525 As would encircle me with praise and love ;
 So I should not die utterly—I should bring
 One branch from the gold forest, like the knight
 Of old tales, witnessing I had been there,)—
 And when all's done, how vain seems e'en success,
 530 And all the influence poets have o'er men !
 'Tis a fine thing that one, weak as myself,
 Should sit in his lone room, knowing the words
 He utters in his solitude shall move
 Men like a swift wind—that tho' he be forgotten,
 535 Fair eyes shall glisten when his beauteous dreams
 Of love come true in happier frames than his.
 Ay, the still night brought thoughts like these, but
 morn
 Came, and the mockery again laughed out

1867

- 523 (For a new thought sprung up that it were well
 To leave all shadowy hope, and weave such lays
 526 So, I should not die utterly, I should bring
 528 Of old tales, witnessing I had been there)—
 “ And when all's done, how vain seems e'en success
 531 “ 'Tis a fine thing that one weak as myself
 538 “ Came and the mockery again laughed out

1888

- 523 (For a new thought sprang up how well it were,
 Discarding shadowy hope, to weave such lays
 As straight encircle men with praise and love,
 So, I should not die utterly,—should bring
 530 “ The vaunted influence poets have o'er men !
 534 “ Men like a swift wind—that tho' dead and gone,
 “ Now eyes shall glisten when his beauteous dreams
 537 “ Ay, the still night brings thoughts like these, but morn
 “ Comes and the mockery again laughs out

- (39) At hollow praises, and smiles, almost sneers ;
 And my soul's idol seemed to whisper me 540
 To dwell with him and his unhonoured name—
 And I well knew my spirit, that would be
 First in the struggle, and again would make
 All bow to it ; and I would sink again.

* * * * *

- And then know that this curse will come on us, 545
 To see our idols perish—we may wither,
 Nor marvel—we are clay ; but our low fate
 Should not extend to them, whom trustingly
 We sent before into Time's yawning gulf,
 To face what e'er may lurk in darkness there— 550
 To see the painters' glory pass, and feel
 Sweet music move us not as once, or worst,
 To see decaying wits ere the frail body
 Decays. Nought makes me trust in love so really,

1867

- “ At hollow praises, and smiles almost sneers ; 539
 “ To dwell with him and his unhonoured name— 541
 “ To see our idols perish ; we may wither, 546
 “ Nor marvel we are clay, but our low fate
 “ We sent before into time's yawning gulf 549
 “ To face whate'er might lurk in darkness there.
 “ Decays ! Nought makes me trust in love so really, 554

1888

- “ At hollow praises, smiles allied to sneers ; 539
 “ And my soul's idol ever whispers me
 “ To dwell with him and his unhonoured song :
 “ And I foreknow my spirit, that would press
 “ First in the struggle, fail again to make
 “ All bow enslaved, and I again should sink.
 “ No marvel, we are clay, but our low fate 547
 “ Should not extend to those who trustingly
 “ To face what dread may lurk in darkness there. 550
 “ To find the painter's glory pass, and feel

- 555 As the delight of the contented lowness (40)
 With which I gaze on souls I'd keep for ever
 In beauty—I'd be sad to equal them ;
 / I'd feed their fame e'en from my heart's best blood,
 Withering unseen, that they might flourish still.
 * * * * *
- 560 Pauline, my sweet friend, thou dost not forget
 How this mood swayed me, when thou first wert mine,
 When I had set myself to live this life,
 Defying all opinion. Ere thou camest
 I was most happy, sweet, for old delights
 565 Had come like birds again ; music, my life,
 I nourished more than ever, and old lore
 Loved for itself, and all it shows—the king
 Treading the purple calmly to his death,
 —While round him, like the clouds of eve, all dusk,
 570 The giant shades of fate, silently flitting,

1867

- 557 " In beauty ; I'd be sad to equal them ;
 559 " Withering unseen that they might flourish still."
 561 How this mood swayed me when thou first wast mine,
 567 Loved for itself and all it shows—the king

1888

- 555 " But the delight of the contented lowness
 " With which I gaze on him I keep for ever
 " Above me ; I to rise and rival him ?
 " Feed his fame rather from my heart's best blood,
 " Wither unseen that he may flourish still."
 560 Pauline, my soul's friend, thou dost pity yet
 How this mood swayed me when that soul found thine,
 563 Defying all past glory. Ere thou camest
 I seemed defiant, sweet, for old delights
 Had flocked like birds again ; music, my life,
 Nourished me more than ever ; then the lore
 Loved for itself and all it shows—that king

- (41) Pile the dim outline of the coming doom,
 —And him sitting alone in blood, while friends
 Are hunting far in the sunshine ; and the boy,
 With his white breast and brow and clustering curls
 Streaked with his mother's blood, and striving hard
 To tell his story ere his reason goes.
 And when I loved thee, as I've loved so oft,
 Thou lovedst me, and I wondered, and looked in
 My heart to find some feeling like such love,
 Believing I was still what I had been ; 580
 And soon I found all faith had gone from me,
 And the late glow of life—changing like clouds,
 'Twas not the morn-blush widening into day,
 But evening, coloured by the dying sun
 While darkness is quick hastening :—I will tell 585
 My state as though 'twere none of mine—despair
 Cannot come near me—thus it is with me.

1867

And him sitting alone in blood while friends	572
And when I loved thee as I've loved so oft,	577
Thou lovedst me, and I wondered and looked in	
And the late glow of life, changing like clouds,	582
But evening coloured by the dying sun	584
While darkness is quick hastening. I will tell	

1888

Streaked with his mother's blood, but striving hard	575
And when I loved thee as love seemed so oft,	577
Thou lovedst me indeed : I wondering searched	
Believing I was still much I had been.	580
Too soon I found all faith had gone from me,	
And the late glow of life, like change on clouds,	
Proved not the morn-blush widening into day,	
But eve faint-coloured by the dying sun	
While darkness hastens quickly. I will tell	
Cannot come near us—this it is, my state.	587
Break in text after line 587.	

Souls alter not, and mine must progress still ; (42)
 And this I knew not when I flung away
 590 My youth's chief aims. I ne'er supposed the loss
 Of what few I retained ; for no resource
 Awaits me—now behold the change of all.
 I cannot chain my soul, it will not rest
 In its clay prison ; this most narrow sphere—
 595 It has strange powers, and feelings, and desires,
 Which I cannot account for, nor explain,
 But which I stifle not, being bound to trust
 All feelings equally—to hear all sides :
 Yet I cannot indulge them, and they live,
 600 Referring to some state or life unknown . . .

My selfishness is satiated not,
 It wears me like a flame ; my hunger for
 All pleasure, howsoe'er minute, is pain ;

1867

592 Awaits me : now behold the change of all.
 594 In its clay prison, this most narrow sphere :
 It has strange powers and feelings and desires,
 Which I cannot account for nor explain,
 598 All feelings equally, to hear all sides ;

1888

588 Souls alter not, and mine must still advance ;
 Strange that I knew not, when I flung away
 My youth's chief aims, their loss might lead to loss
 Of what few I retained, and no resource
 Be left me : for behold how changed is all !
 595 It has strange impulse, tendency, desire
 Which nowise I account for nor explain,
 But cannot stifle, being bound to trust
 599 How can my life indulge them ? yet they live,
 Referring to some state of life unknown.
 603 All pleasure, howsoe'er minute, grows pain ;

- (43) I envy—how I envy him whose mind
 Turns with its energies to some one end ! 605
 To elevate a sect, or a pursuit,
 However mean—so my still baffled hopes
 Seek out abstractions ; I would have but one
 Delight on earth, so it were wholly mine ;
 One rapture all my soul could fill—and this 610
 Wild feeling places me in dream afar,
 In some wide country, where the eye can see
 No end to the far hills and dales bestrewn
 With shining towers and dwellings. I grow mad
 Well-nigh, to know not one abode but holds 615
 Some pleasure—for my soul could grasp them all,
 But must remain with this vile form. I look
 With hope to age at last, which quenching much,
 May let me concentrate the sparks it spares.

1867

- Turns with its energies to some one end, 605
 To elevate a sect or a pursuit
 However mean ! So, my still baffled hopes
 One rapture all my soul could fill : and this 610
 In some wild country where the eye can see 612
 Some pleasure, for my soul could grasp them all 616

1888

- I envy—how I envy him whose soul 604
 Turns its whole energies to some one end,
 To elevate an aim, pursue success
 However mean ! So, my still baffled hope
 Seeks out abstractions ; I would have one joy
 But one in life, so it were wholly mine,
 In some vast country where the eye can see 612
 With shining towers and towns, till I grow mad 614
 Some pleasure, while my soul could grasp the world, 616
 But must remain this vile form's slave. I look
 May let me concentrate what sparks it spares. 619

-
- 620 This restlessness of passion meets in me (44)
 A craving after knowledge : the sole proof
 Of a commanding will is in that power
 Repressed ; for I beheld it in its dawn,
 That sleepless harpy, with its budding wings,
 625 And I considered whether I should yield
 All hopes and fears, to live alone with it,
 Finding a recompence in its wild eyes ;
 And when I found that I should perish so,
 I bade its wild eyes close from me for ever ;—
 630 And I am left alone with my delights,—
 So it lies in me a chained thing—still ready
 To serve me, if I loose its slightest bond—
 I cannot but be proud of my bright slave.

And thus I know this earth is not my sphere,
 635 For I cannot so narrow me, but that

- 1867
- 629 I bade its wild eyes close from me for ever,
 And I am left alone with my delights ;
 So, it lies in me a chained thing, still ready
 To serve me if I loose its slightest bond :
 635 For I cannot so narrow me but that

- 1888
- 622 Of yet commanding will is in that power
 624 The sleepless harpy with just-budding wings,
 And I considered whether to forego
 All happy ignorant hopes and fears, to live,
 Finding a recompence in its wild eyes.
 630 And I am left alone with old delights ;
 See ! it lies in me a chained thing, still prompt
 634 How should this earth's life prove my only sphere ?
 Can I so narrow sense but that in life

- (45) I still exceed it ; in their elements
 My love would pass my reason—but since here
 Love must receive its objects from this earth,
 While reason will be chainless, the few truths
 Caught from its wanderings have sufficed to quell 640
 All love below ;—then what must be that love
 Which, with the object it demands, would quell
 Reason, tho' it soared with the seraphim ?
 No—what I feel may pass all human love,
 Yet fall far short of what my love should be ; 645
 And yet I seem more warped in this than aught,
 For here myself stands out more hideously.
 I can forget myself in friendship, fame,
 Or liberty, or love of mighty souls.
- * * * *
- But I begin to know what thing hate is— 650
 To sicken, and to quiver, and grow white,

1867

- My love would pass my reason ; but since here 637
 All love below ; then what must be that love 641
 Reason tho' it soared with the seraphim ? 643
 No, what I feel may pass all human love
 Yet fall far short of what my love should be.
 For here myself stands out more hideously : 647
 Or liberty, or love of mighty souls ; 649
 No break in text after line 649.
 To sicken and to quiver and grow white— 651

1888

- Soul still exceeds it ? In their elements 636
 My love outsoars my reason ; but since love
 Perforce receives its object from this earth
 While reason wanders chainless, the few truths
 Love chained below ; then what were love, set free, 641
 Which, with the object it demands, would pass
 Reason companioning the seraphim ?
 Myself stands out more hideously : of old 647
 I could forget myself in friendship, fame,
 Liberty, nay, in love of mightier souls ;

- And I myself have furnished its first prey. (46)
 All my sad weaknesses, this wavering will,
 This selfishness, this still-decaying frame
 655 But I must never grieve while I can pass
 Far from such thoughts—as now—Andromeda !
 And she is with me—years roll, I shall change,
 But change can touch her not—so beautiful
 With her dark eyes, earnest and still, and hair
 660 Lifted and spread by the salt-sweeping breeze ;
 And one red beam, all the storm leaves in heaven,
 Resting upon her eyes and face and hair,
 As she awaits the snake on the wet beach,
 By the dark rock, and the white wave just breaking
 665 At her feet ; quite naked and alone,—a thing
 You doubt not, nor fear for, secure that God
 Will come in thunder from the stars to save her.
 Let it pass—I will call another change.

1867

- 656 Far from such thoughts—as now, Andromeda !
 And she is with me : years roll, I shall change,
 662 Resting upon her eyes and face and hair
 As she awaits the snake on the wet beach
 By the dark rock and the white wave just breaking
 At her feet ; quite naked and alone ; a thing
 668 Let it pass ! I will call another change.

1888

- 653 Hate of the weak and ever-wavering will,
 The selfishness, the still-decaying frame
 But I must never grieve whom wing can waft
 Far from such thoughts—as now. Andromeda !
 659 With her fixed eyes, earnest and still, and hair
 662 Resting upon her eyes and hair, such hair,
 666 I doubt not, nor fear for, secure some god
 To save will come in thunder from the stars.
 * Let it pass ! Soul requires another change.

- (47) I will be gifted with a wond'rous soul,
 Yet sunk by error to men's sympathy, 670
 And in the wane of life ; yet only so
 As to call up their fears, and there shall come
 A time requiring youth's best energies ;
 And strait I fling age, sorrow, sickness off,
 And I rise triumphing over my decay. 675

* * * * *

And thus it is that I supply the chasm
 'Twixt what I am and all that I would be.
 But then to know nothing—to hope for nothing—
 To seize on life's dull joys from a strange fear,
 Lest, losing them, all's lost, and nought remains. 680

* * * * *

There's some vile juggle with my reason here—
 I feel I but explain to my own loss
 These impulses—they live no less the same.

1867

And in the wane of life, yet only so 671
 As to call up their fears ; and there shall come
 But then to know nothing, to hope for nothing, 678
 To seize on life's dull joys from a strange fear
 Lest, losing them, all's lost and nought remains !
 There's some vile juggle with my reason here ; 681
 These impulses ; they live no less the same. 683

1888

I will be gifted with a wondrous mind, 669
 And lo, I fling age, sorrow, sickness off, 674
 And rise triumphant, triumph through decay.
 'Twixt what I am and all I fain would be : 677

Liberty ! what though I despair—my blood (48)
 685 Rose not at a slave's name prouder than now,
 And sympathy obscured by sophistries.
 Why have not I sought refuge in myself,
 But for the woes I saw and could not stay—
 And love !—do I not love thee, my Pauline ?

* * * *

690 I cherish prejudice, lest I be left
 Utterly loveless—witness this belief
 In poets, tho' sad change has come there too ;
 No more I leave myself to follow them :
 Unconsciously I measure me by them.
 695 Let me forget it ; and I cherish most
 My love of England—how her name—a word
 Of her's in a strange tongue makes my heart beat ! . . .

* * * *

Pauline, I could do any thing—not now—

1867

684 Liberty ! what though I despair ? my blood
 686 And sympathy, obscured by sophistries !
 688 But for the woes I saw and could not stay ?
 No break in text after line 689.
 692 In poets though sad change has come there too ;
 No more I leave myself to follow them—
 Unconsciously I measure me by them—
 696 My love of England—how her name, a word

1888

685 Rose never at a slave's name proud as now.
 Oh sympathies, obscured by sophistries !—
 Why else have I sought refuge in myself,
 But from the woes I saw and could not stay ?
 Love ! is not this to love thee, my Pauline ?
 691 Utterly loveless ? witness my belief
 In poets, though sad change has come there too ;
 693 Pauline, could I but break the spell ! Not now—

- (49) All's fever—but when calm shall come again—
 I am prepared—I have made life my own— 700
 I would not be content with all the change
 One frame should feel—but I have gone in thought
 Thro' all conjuncture—I have lived all life
 When it is most alive—where strangest fate
 New shapes it past surmise—the tales of men 705
 Bit by some curse—or in the grasps of doom
 Half-visible and still-increasing round,
 Or crowning their wide being's general aim. . . .
 * * * * *
 These are wild fancies, but I feel, sweet friend,
 As one breathing his weakness to the ear 710
 Of pitying angel—dear as a winter flower ;
 A slight flower growing alone, and offering
 Its frail cup of three leaves to the cold sun,
 Yet joyous and confiding, like the triumph

1867

- I am prepared : I have made life my own. 700
 One frame should feel, but I have gone in thought 702
 Thro' all conjuncture, I have lived all life
 When it is most alive, where strangest fate
 Bit by some curse or in the grasps of doom 706
 Yet joyous and confiding like the triumph 714

1888

- All's fever—but when calm shall come again, 699
 New-shapes it past surmise—the throes of men 705
 Or crowning their wide being's general aim. 708
 No break in text after line 708.

715 Of a child—and why am I not worthy thee ? (50)

* * * * *

I can live all the life of plants, and gaze
Drowsily on the bees that flit and play,
Or bare my breast for sunbeams which will kill,
Or open in the night of sounds, to look
720 For the dim stars ; I can mount with the bird,
Leaping airily his pyramid of leaves
And twisted boughs of some tall mountain tree,
Or rise cheerfully springing to the heavens—
Or like a fish breathe in the morning air
725 In the misty sun-warm water—or with flowers
And trees can smile in light at the sinking sun,
Just as the storm comes—as a girl would look
On a departing lover—most serene.

Pauline, come with me—see how I could build

1867

715 Of a child : and why am I not worthy thee ?
No break in text after line 715.
720 For the dim stars ; I can mount with the bird
723 Or rise cheerfully springing to the heavens ;
725 In the misty sun-warm water ; or with flowers
And trees can smile in light at the sinking sun
Just as the storm comes, as a girl would look
729 Pauline, come with me, see how I could build

1888

724 Or like a fish breathe deep the morning air
In the misty sun-warm water ; or with flower
And tree can smile in light at the sinking sun

- (51) A home for us, out of the world ; in thought— 730
I am inspired—come with me, Pauline !

Night, and one single ridge of narrow path
Between the sullen river and the woods
Waving and muttering—for the moonless night
Has shaped them into images of life, 735
Like the uprising of the giant-ghosts,
Looking on earth to know how their sons fare.
Thou art so close by me, the roughest swell
Of wind in the tree-tops hides not the panting
Of thy soft breasts ; no—we will pass to morning— 740
Morning—the rocks, and vallies, and old woods.
How the sun brightens in the mist, and here,—
Half in the air, like creatures of the place,
Trusting the element—living on high boughs
That swing in the wind—look at the golden spray. 745

1867

A home for us, out of the world, in thought ! 730
I am inspired : come with me, Pauline !
Waving and muttering, for the moonless night 734
Looking on earth to see how their sons fare : 737
Of thy soft breasts. No, we will pass to morning— 740
Morning, the rocks and valleys and old woods.
That swing in the wind—look at the golden spray 745

1888

I am uplifted : fly with me, Pauline ! 731
Like the uprising of the giant-ghosts, 736
Looking on earth to know how their sons fare :
Trusting the element, living on high boughs 744
That swing in the wind—look at the silver spray

- Flung from the foam-sheet of the cataract, (52)
 Amid the broken rocks—shall we stay here
 With the wild hawks ? no, ere the hot noon come
 Dive we down—safe ;—see this our new retreat
 750 Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
 Dark, tangled, old and green—still sloping down
 To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
 Amid the trailing boughs turned water-plants
 And tall trees over-arch to keep us in,
 755 Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts,
 And in the dreamy water one small group
 Of two or three strange trees are got together,
 Wondering at all around—as strange beasts herd
 Together far from their own land—all wildness—
 760 No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
 And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters,
 Where the pale-throated snake reclines his head,

1867

- 747 Amid the broken rocks ! Shall we stay here
 With the wild hawks ? No, ere the hot noon come,
 Dive we down—safe ! See this our new retreat
 751 Dark, tangled, old and green, still sloping down
 753 Amid the trailing boughs turned water-plants :
 757 Of two or three strange trees are got together
 Wondering at all around, as strange beasts herd
 Together far from their own land : all wildness,

1888

- 761 And tongues of bank go shelving in the lymph,

- (53) And old grey stones lie making eddies there ;
 The wild mice cross them dry-shod—deeper in—
 Shut thy soft eyes—now look—still deeper in : 765
 This is the very heart of the woods—all round,
 Mountain-like, heaped above us ; yet even here
 One pond of water gleams—far off the river
 Sweeps like a sea, barred out from land ; but one—
 One thin clear sheet has over-leaped and wound 770
 Into this silent depth, which gained, it lies
 Still, as but let by sufferance ; the trees bend
 O'er it as wild men watch a sleeping girl,
 And thro' their roots long creeping plants stretch out
 Their twined hair, steeped and sparkling ; farther on, 775
 Tall rushes and thick flag-knots have combined
 To narrow it ; so, at length, a silver thread
 It winds, all noiselessly, thro' the deep wood,
 Till thro' a cleft way, thro' the moss and stone,
-

1867

- The wild-mice cross them dry-shod : deeper in ! 764
 Shut thy soft eyes—now look—still deeper in !
 This is the very heart of the woods all round
 Mountain-like heaped above us ; yet even here
 One pond of water gleams ; far off the river
 It winds all noiselessly through the deep wood 778

1888

- And old grey stones lie making eddies there, 763
 The wild-mice cross them dry-shod. Deeper in !
 And through their roots long creeping plants out- 774
 stretch
 It winds, all noiselessly through the deep wood 778

- 780 It joins its parent-river with a shout. (54)
 Up for the glowing day—leave the old woods :
 See, they part, like a ruined arch, the sky !
 Nothing but sky appears, so close the root
 And grass of the hill-top level with the air—
 785 Blue sunny air, where a great cloud floats, laden
 With light, like a dead whale that white birds pick,
 Floating away in the sun in some north sea.
 Air, air—fresh life-blood,—thin and searching air—
 The clear, dear breath of God, that loveth us :
 790 Where small birds reel and winds take their delight.
 Water is beautiful, but not like air.
 See, where the solid azure waters lie,
 Made as of thickened air, and down below,
 The fern-ranks, like a forest spread themselves,
 795 As tho' each pore could feel the element ;
 Where the quick glancing serpent winds his way—
 Float with me there, Pauline, but not like air.

1867

- 781 Up for the glowing day, leave the old woods !
 783 Nothing but sky appears, so close the roots
 785 Blue sunny air, where a great cloud floats laden
 788 Air, air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,
 The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us,
 Where small birds reel and winds take their delight
 Water is beautiful but not like air
 See, where the solid azure waters lie
 794 The fern-ranks like a forest spread themselves
 As though each pore could feel the element ;
 Where the quick-glancing serpent winds his way,
 Float with me there, Pauline !—but not like air.
 No break in text after line 797.

1888

- Break in text after line 780.
 791 Water is beautiful, but not like air :
 Break in text after line 797.

- (55) Down the hill—stop—a clump of trees, see, set
 On a heap of rocks, which look o'er the far plains,
 And envious climbing shrubs would mount to rest,
 And peer from their spread boughs. There they
 wave, looking
 At the muleteers, who whistle as they go,
 To the merry chime of their morning bells, and all
 The little smoking cots, and fields, and banks,
 And copses, bright in the sun ; my spirit wanders. 805
 Hedge-rows for me—still, living, hedge-rows, where
 The bushes close, and clasp above, and keep
 Thought in—I am concentrated—I feel ;—
 But my soul saddens when it looks beyond ;
 I cannot be immortal, nor taste all. 810
 O God where does this tend—these struggling aims*

* Je crains bien que mon pauvre ami ne soit pas toujours
 parfaitement compris dans ce qui reste à lire de cet étrange

1867

Down the hill ! Stop—a clump of trees, see, set 798
 On a heap of rocks, which look o'er the far plain :
 And envious climbing shrubs would mount to rest
 And peer from their spread boughs : there they wave
 looking
 At the muleteers who whistle as they go
 The little smoking cots and fields and banks 804
 And copses bright in the sun. My spirit wanders :
 Hedge-rows for me—still, living hedge-rows where
 The bushes close and clasp above, and keep
 I cannot be immortal nor taste all. 810
 O God, where does this tend—these struggling aims ?

1888

On a heap of rock, which look o'er the far plain : 799
 So envious climbing shrubs would mount to rest
 And peer from their spread boughs ; wide they wave
 looking
 At the muleteers who whistle on their way.
 To the merry chime of morning bells, past all

What would I have ? what is this " sleep," which (56)
seems

To bound all ? can there be a " waking " point

- fragment—mais il est moins propre que tout autre à éclaircir ce qui de sa nature ne peut jamais être que songe et confusion.
- (5) D'ailleurs je ne sais trop si en cherchant à mieux coordonner certaines parties l'on ne courrait pas le risque de nuire au seul mérite auquel une production si singulière peut prétendre—celui de donner une idée assez précise du genre qu'elle n'a fait qu'ébaucher—Ce debut sans prétention, ce
- (10) remuement des passions qui va d'abord en accroissant et puis s'apaise par degrés, ces élans de l'âme, ce retour soudain sur soi-même. Et par-dessus tout, la tournure d'esprit tout particulière de mon ami, rendent les changemens presque impossibles. Les raisons qu'il fait valoir ailleurs, et d'autres
- (15) encore plus puissantes, on fait trouver grâce à mes yeux pour cet écrit qu'autrement je lui eusse conseillé de jeter au feu —Je n'en crois pas moins au grand principe de toute composition —à ce principe de Shakespeare, de Rafaele, de Beethoven, d'ou il suit que la concentration des idées est dûe bien plus à
- (20) leur conception qu'à leur mise en execution . . . j'ai tout lieu de craindre que la première de ces qualités ne soit encore

1867

812 What would I have ? What is this " sleep " which seems

- (57) Of crowning life ? The soul would never rule—
 It would be first in all things—it would have 815
 Its utmost pleasure filled,—but that complete
 Commanding for commanding sickens it.
 The last point that I can trace is, rest beneath
 Some better essence than itself—in weakness ;
 This is “ myself ”—not what I think should be, 820
 And what is that I hunger for but God ?

étrangère à mon ami—et je doute fort qu'un redoublement de travail lui fasse acquérir la seconde. Le mieux serait de bruler ceci ; mais que faire ?

- (25) Je crois que dans ce qui suit il fait allusion à un certain examen qu'il fit autrefois de l'âme, ou plutôt de son âme, pour découvrir la suite des objets auxquels il lui serait possible d'attendre, et dont chacun une fois obtenu devait former une espèce de plateau d'où l'on pouvait apercevoir d'autres
 (30) buts, d'autres projets, d'autres jouissances qui, à leur tour devaient être surmontés. Il en résultait que l'oubli et le sommeil devaient tout terminer. Cette idée, que je ne saisis pas parfaitement, lui est peut-être aussi inintelligible qu'à moi.

Pauline.

1867

Of crowning life ? The soul would never rule ; 814
 It would be first in all things, it would have
 Its utmost pleasure filled, but, that complete,
 Commanding, for commanding, sickens it.
 The last point I can trace is, rest, beneath
 Some better essence than itself, in weakness ;
 This is “ myself,” not what I think should be :
 French note line 32. atteindre.

1888

The last point I can trace is—rest beneath 818
 Break in text after line 821.

- My God, my God ! let me for once look on thee (58)
 As tho' nought else existed : we alone.
 And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
 825 Expands till I can say, " Even from myself
 " I need thee, and I feel thee, and I love thee ;
 " I do not plead my rapture in thy works
 " For love of thee—or that I feel as one
 " Who cannot die—but there is that in me
 830 " Which turns to thee, which loves, or which should
 love."

- Why have I girt myself with this hell-dress ?
 Why have I laboured to put out my life ?
 Is it not in my nature to adore,
 And e'en for all my reason do I not
 835 Feel him, and thank him, and pray to him ?—*Now*.
 Can I forego the trust that he loves me ?

-
- 1867
- 822 My God, my God, let me for once look on thee
 As though nought else existed, we alone !
 825 Expands till I can say,—Even from myself
 I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee :
 828 For love of thee, nor that I feel as one
 Who cannot die : but there is that in me
 Which turns to thee, which loves or which should love.
 No break in text after line 830.
 835 Feel him, and thank him, and pray to him—now ?

- 1888
- 826 I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee.
 Break in text after line 830.

(59) Do I not feel a love which only ONE. . . .
 O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed,
 I have denied thee calmly—do I not
 Pant when I read of thy consummate deeds, 840
 And burn to see thy calm, pure truths out-flash
 The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy ?
 Do I not shake to hear aught question thee ? . . .

If I am erring save me, madden me,
 Take from me powers and pleasures—let me die 845
 Ages, so I see thee : I am knit round
 As with a charm, by sin and lust and pride,
 Yet tho' my wandering dreams have seen all shapes
 Of strange delight, oft have I stood by thee—
 Have I been keeping lonely watch with' thee, 850
 In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
 Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less—

1867

O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed ! 838
 And burn to see thy calm pure truths out-flash 841
 No break in text after line 843.
 Take from me powers and pleasures, let me die 845
 Ages, so I see thee ! I am knit round
 As with a charm by sin and lust and pride,
 Have I been keeping lonely watch with thee 850
 Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less, 852

1888

Pant when I read of thy consummate power, 840
 Break in text after line 843.
 Yet though my wandering dreams have seen all shapes 848

-
- Or dying with thee on the lonely cross— (60)
 Or witnessing thy bursting from the tomb !
- 855 A mortal, sin's familiar friend doth here
 Avow that he will give all earth's reward,
 But to believe and humbly teach the faith,
 In suffering, and poverty, and shame,
 Only believing he is not unloved
- 860 And now, my Pauline, I am thine for ever !
 I feel the spirit which has buoyed me up
 Deserting me : and old shades gathering on ;
 Yet while its last light waits, I would say much,
 And chiefly, I am glad that I have said
- 865 That love which I have ever felt for thee,
 But seldom told ; our hearts so beat together,
 That speech is mockery, but when dark hours come ;
-

- 1867
- 853 Or dying with thee on the lonely cross,
 855 A mortal, sin's familiar friend, doth here
 858 In suffering and poverty and shame,
 Only believing he is not unloved.
- 865 That love which I have ever felt for thee
 But seldom told ; our hearts so beat together
 That speech is mockery ; but when dark hours come,

- 1888
- 854 Or witnessing thine outburst from the tomb.
 860 And now, my Pauline, I am thine for ever !
 862 Desert me, and old shades are gathering fast ;
 Yet while the last light waits, I would say much,
 This chiefly, it is gain that I have said
 Somewhat of love I ever felt for thee
- 867 That speech seemed mockery ; but when dark hours come,

- (61) And I feel sad ; and thou, sweet, deem'st it strange ;
 A sorrow moves me, thou canst not remove.
 Look on this lay I dedicate to thee, 870
 Which thro' thee I began, and which I end,
 Collecting the last gleams to strive to tell
 That I am thine, and more than ever now—
 That I am sinking fast—yet tho' I sink
 No less I feel that thou hast brought me bliss, 875
 And that I still may hope to win it back.
 Thou know'st, dear friend, I could not think all calm,
 For wild dreams followed me, and bore me off,
 And all was indistinct. Ere one was caught
 Another glanced ; so dazzled by my wealth, 880
 Knowing not which to leave nor which to choose,
 For all my thoughts so floated, nought was fixed—
 And then thou said'st a perfect bard was one
 Who shadowed out the stages of all life,

1867

- And I feel sad, and thou, sweet, deem'st it strange 868
 A sorrow moves me, thou canst not remove,
 That I am thine, and more than ever now 873
 That I am sinking fast : yet though I sink
 No less I feel that thou hast brought me bliss
 For wild dreams followed me and bore me off, 878
 And all was indistinct ; ere one was caught
 Another glanced ; so, dazzled by my wealth,

1888

- And joy departs, and thou, sweet, deem'st it strange 868
 Which through thee I began, which thus I end, 871
 How I am thine, and more than ever now 873
 That I sink fast : yet though I deeper sink,
 No less song proves one word has brought me bliss,
 Another still may win bliss surely back.
 Thou knowest, dear, I could not think all calm,
 For fancies followed thought and bore me off,
 And left all indistinct ; ere one was caught
 I knew not which to leave nor which to choose, 881

- 885 And so thou badest me tell this my first stage— (62)
 'Tis done : and even now I feel all dim the shift
 Of thought. These are my last thoughts ; I discern
 Faintly immortal life, and truth, and good.
 And why thou must be mine is, that e'en now,
 890 In the dim hush of night—that I have done—
 With fears and sad forebodings : I look thro'
 And say—" E'en at the last I have her still,
 " With her delicious eyes as clear as heaven,
 " When rain in a quick shower has beat down mist,
 895 " And clouds float white in the sun like broods of
 swans."
 How the blood lies upon her cheek, all spread
 As thinned by kisses ; only in her lips
 It wells and pulses like a living thing,
 And her neck looks, like marble misted o'er
 900 With love-breath, a dear thing to kiss and love,

1867

- 885 And so thou bad'st me tell this my first stage.
 'Tis done, and even now I feel all dim the shift
 Of thought ; these are my last thoughts ; I discern
 Faintly immortal life and truth and good.
 890 In the dim hush of night, that I have done,
 With fears and sad forebodings, I look through
 And say,—E'en at the last I have her still,
 With her delicious eyes as clear as heaven
 897 As thinned by kisses ! only in her lips
 899 And her neck looks like marble misted o'er
 With love-breath,—a dear thing to kiss and love,

1888

- 885 And so thou bad'st me shadow this first stage.
 'Tis done, and even now I recognize
 The shift, the change from last to past—discern
 Faintly how life is truth and truth is good.
 891 Despite the sad forebodings, love looks through—
 Whispers,—E'en at the last I have her still,

- (63) Standing beneath me—looking out to me,
As I might kill her and be loved for it.

Love me—love me, Pauline, love nought but me ;
Leave me not. All these words are wild and weak,
Believe them not, Pauline. I stooped so low 905
But to behold thee purer by my side,
To show thou art my breath—my life—a last
Resource—an extreme want : never believe
Aught better could so look to thee, nor seek
Again the world of good thoughts left for me. 910
There were bright troops of undiscovered suns,
Each equal in their radiant course. There were
Clusters of far fair isles, which ocean kept
For his own joy, and his waves broke on them
Without a choice. And there was a dim crowd 915
Of visions, each a part of the dim whole.

1867

Standing beneath me, looking out to me,	901
Leave me not ! All these words are wild and weak,	904
Believe them not, Pauline ! I stooped so low	
To show thou art my breath, my life, a last	907
Resource, an extreme want ; never believe	
Aught better could so look to thee ; nor seek	
Again the world of good thoughts left for me !	
Each equal in their radiant course ; there were	912
Clusters of far fair isles which ocean kept	
Without a choice ; and there was a dim crowd	915
Of visions, each a part of the dim whole !	

1888

Stooping beneath me, looking up—one look	901
As I might kill her and be loved the more.	
So, love me—me, Pauline, and nought but me,	903
Never leave loving ! Words are wild and weak,	
Believe them not, Pauline ! I stained myself	
Again the world of good thoughts left for mine !	910
Of visions, each a part of some grand whole :	916

- And a star left his peers and came with peace (64)
 Upon a storm, and all eyes pined for him.
 And one isle harboured a sea-beaten ship,
 920 And the crew wandered in its bowers, and plucked
 Its fruits, and gave up all their hopes for home.
 And one dream came to a pale poet's sleep,
 And he said, "I am singled out by God,
 "No sin must touch me." I am very weak,
 925 But what I would express is,—Leave me not,
 Still sit by me—with beating breast, and hair
 Loosened,—watching earnest by my side,
 Turning my books, or kissing me when I
 Look up—like summer wind. Be still to me
 930 A key to music's mystery, when mind fails,
 A reason, a solution and a clue.
 You see I have thrown off my prescribed rules :
 I hope in myself—and hope, and pant, and love—

1867

- 917 And one star left his peers and came with peace
 Upon a storm, and all eyes pined for him ;
 920 And the crew wandered in its bowers and plucked
 Its fruit and gave up all their hopes for home ;
 926 Still sit by me with beating breast and hair
 Loosened, be watching earnest by my side,
 Turning my books or kissing me when I
 Look up—like summer wind ! Be still to me
 931 A reason, a solution and a clue !
 933 I hope in myself—and hope and pant and love.

1888

- 921 Its fruits and gave up all their hopes of home ;
 924 "No sin must touch me." Words are wild and weak,
 But what they would express is,—Leave me not,
 930 A help to music's mystery which mind fails
 To fathom, its solution, no mere clue !
 932 ❀ reason's pedantry, life's rule prescribed !
 I hopeless, I the loveless, hope and love.

- (65) You'll find me better—know me more than when
 You loved me as I was. Smile not ; I have 935
 Much yet to gladden you—to dawn on you.

No more of the past—I'll look within no more—
 I have too trusted to my own wild wants—
 Too trusted to myself—to intuition.
 Draining the wine alone in the still night, 940
 And seeing how—as gathering films arose,
 As by an inspiration life seemed bare
 And grinning in its vanity, and ends
 Hard to be dreamed of, stared at me as fixed,
 And others suddenly became all foul, 945
 As a fair witch turned an old hag at night.
 No more of this—we will go hand in hand,
 I will go with thee, even as a child,
 Looking no further than thy sweet commands.

1867

You'll find me better, know me more than when 934
 You loved me as I was. Smile not ! I have
 Much yet to gladden you, to dawn on you.

No break in text after line 936.

No more of the past ! I'll look within no more. 937
 I have too trusted to my own wild wants,
 Too trusted to myself, to intuition—

And seeing how, as gathering films arose, 941

And others suddenly became all foul 945

No more of this ! We will go hand in hand, 947

Looking no further than thy sweet commands, 949

1888

Wiser and better, know me now, not when 934

Much yet to dawn on you, to gladden you. 936

I have too trusted my own lawless wants, 938

Too trusted my vain self, vague intuition—

Draining soul's wine alone in the still night,

- 950 And thou hast chosen where this life shall be— (66)
 The land which gave me thee shall be our home,
 Where nature lies all wild amid her lakes
 And snow-swathed mountains, and vast pines all
 girt
 With ropes of snow—where nature lies all bare,
 955 Suffering none to view her but a race
 Most stunted and deformed—like the mute dwarfs
 Which wait upon a naked Indian queen.
 And there (the time being when the heavens are
 thick
 With storms) I'll sit with thee while thou dost
 sing
 960 Thy native songs, gay as a desert bird
 Who crieth as he flies for perfect joy,
 Or telling me old stories of dead knights.
 Or I will read old lays to thee—how she,

1867

- 950 And thou hast chosen where this life shall be :
 953 And snow-swathed mountains and vast pines all girt
 962 Or telling me old stories of dead knights

1888

- Break in text after line 949.
 953 And snow-swathed mountains and vast pines begirt
 956 Or stunted or deformed, like the mute dwarfs
 959 With storm) I'll sit with thee while thou dost sing
 961 Which crieth as it flies for perfect joy,
 Or telling me old stories of dead knights ;
 Or I will read great lays to thee—how she,

- (67) The fair pale sister, went to her chill grave
 With power to love, and to be loved, and live. 965
 Or we will go together, like twin gods
 Of the infernal world, with scented lamp
 Over the dead—to call and to awake—
 Over the unshaped images which lie
 Within my mind's cave—only leaving all 970
 That tells of the past doubts. So when spring
 comes,
 And sunshine comes again like an old smile,
 And the fresh waters, and awakened birds,
 And budding woods await us—I shall be
 Prepared, and we will go and think again, 975
 And all old loves shall come to us—but changed
 As some sweet thought which harsh words veiled
 before ;
 Feeling God loves us, and that all that errs,

1867

- With power to love and to be loved and live : 965
 Over the dead, to call and to awake, 968
 Within my mind's cave : only leaving all, 970
 That tells of the past doubts. So, when spring comes,
 And the fresh waters and awakened birds, 973
 And budding woods await us, I shall be
 And all old loves shall come to us, but changed 976
 Feeling God loves us, and that all that errs 978

1888

- That tells of the past doubt. So, when spring comes 971
 With sunshine back again like an old smile,
 Prepared, and we will question life once more, 975
 Till its old sense shall come renewed by change,
 Like some clear thought which harsh words veiled before ;
 Feeling God loves us, and that all which errs

Is a strange dream which death will dissipate ; (68)
 980 And then when I am firm we'll seek again
 My own land, and again I will approach
 My old designs, and calmly look on all
 The works of my past weakness, as one views
 Some scene where danger met him long before.
 985 Ah ! that such pleasant life should be but dreamed !

But whate'er come of it—and tho' it fade,
 And tho' ere the cold morning all be gone
 As it will be ;—tho' music wait for me,
 And fair eyes and bright wine, laughing like sin,
 990 Which steals back softly on a soul half-saved ;
 And I be first to deny all, and despise
 This verse, and these intents which seem so fair ;
 Still this is all my own, this moment's pride,
 No less I make an end in perfect joy.

1867

979 Is a strange dream that death will dissipate.
 985 Ah that such pleasant life should be but dreamed !
 986 But whate'er come of it, and though it fade,
 And though ere the cold morning all be gone,
 989 And fair eyes and bright wine laughing like sin
 992 This verse, and these intents which seem so fair,—

1888

979 Is but a dream which death will dissipate.
 And then what need of longer exile ? Seek
 My England, and, again there, calm approach
 All I once fled from, calmly look on those
 988 As it may be ;—tho' music wait to wile,
 And strange eyes and bright wine lure, laugh like sin
 991 And I the first deny, decry, despise,
 With this avowal, these intents so fair—
 Still be it all my own, this moment's pride!

- (69) E'en in my brightest time, a lurking fear 995
 Possessed me. I well knew my weak resolves,
 I felt the witchery that makes mind sleep
 Over its treasures—as one half afraid
 To make his riches definite—but now
 These feelings shall not utterly be lost, 1000
 I shall not know again that nameless care,
 Lest leaving all undone in youth, some new
 And undreamed end reveal itself too late :
 For this song shall remain to tell for ever,
 That when I lost all hope of such a change, 1005
 Suddenly Beauty rose on me again.
 No less I make an end in perfect joy,
 For I, having thus again been visited,
 Shall doubt not many another bliss awaits,
 And tho' this weak soul sink, and darkness come,
 Some little word shall light it up again,

1867

- Over its treasure, as one half-afraid 998
 To make his riches definite : but now
 I shall not know again that nameless care 1001
 Lest, leaving all undone in youth, some new
 For this song shall remain to tell for ever 1004
 Suddenly beauty rose on me again. 1006
 And, though this weak soul sink and darkness come, 1010

1888

- Possessed me : I well knew my weak resolves, 996
 For I, who thus again was visited, 1008
 And though this weak soul sink and darkness overwhelm, 1010
 Some little word shall light it, raise aloft,

- And I shall see all clearer and love better ; (70)
 I shall again go o'er the tracts of thought,
 As one who has a right ; and I shall live
 1015 With poets—calmer—purer still each time,
 And beauteous shapes will come to me again,
 And unknown secrets will be trusted me,
 Which were not mine when wavering—but now
 I shall be priest and lover, as of old.
- 1020 Sun-treader, I believe in God, and truth,
 And love ; and as one just escaped from death
 Would bind himself in bands of friends to feel
 He lives indeed—so, I would lean on thee ;
 Thou must be ever with me—most in gloom
 1025 When such shall come—but chiefly when I die,
 For I seem dying, as one going in the dark
 To fight a giant—and live thou for ever,

1867

- 1013 I shall again go o'er the tracts of thought
 As one who has a right, and I shall live
 With poets, calmer, purer still each time,
 1017 And unknown secrets will be trusted me
 Which were not mine when wavering ; but now
 I shall be priest and lover as of old.
- 1020 Sun-treader, I believe in God and truth
 1023 He lives indeed, so, I would lean on thee !
 Thou must be ever with me, most in gloom
 When such shall come, but chiefly when I die,
 For I seem, dying, as one going in the dark
 To fight a giant : and live thou for ever,

1888

- 1012 To where I clearer see and better love,
 As I again go o'er the tracts of thought
 Like one who has a right, and I shall live
 1016 And beauteous shapes will come for me to seize,
 1018 Which were denied the waverer once ; but now

- (71) And be to all what thou hast been to me—
 All in whom this wakes pleasant thoughts of me,
 Know my last state is happy—free from doubt, 1030
 Or touch of fear. Love me and wish me well !

RICHMOND.

October 22, 1832.

	1867	
And be to all what thou hast been to me !		1028
Know my last state is happy, free from doubt		1030
	1888	
All in whom this wakes pleasant thoughts of me		1029
Or touch of fear. Love me and wish me well.		1031

FURTHER ALTERATIONS IN 1888 EDITION.

Page 30

To be my prize, as if you wandered o'er	402
'The White Way for a star.	
On one whom praise of mine shall not offend,	404

Page 31

Much there, I felt my own soul had conceived,	417
But there living and burning Soon the orb	
Of his conceptions dawned on me ; its praise	
Lives in the tongues of men, men's brows are high	
So, my weak voice may well forbear to shame	422
What seemed decreed my fate : I threw myself	
And I—ah, what a life was mine to prove !	426

Page 33

For ever 'neath those garden-trees fruit-flushed	455
Sung round by fairies, all his search is vain.	

Page 36	Which wasted not a sunbeam ; every hour I would make mine, and die.	503
	And thus I sought To chain my spirit down which erst I freed For flights to fame : I said " The troubled life	
Page 37	" Half the bright sights which dazzle me ; but now " Mine shall be all the radiance : let them fade " And when all's done, the few dim gleams transferred,"	519 522
Page 39	" Music can move us not as once, or, worst, " To weep decaying wits ere the frail body " Decays ! Nought makes me trust some love is true,	552
Page 55	The little smoking cots, mid fields and banks Hedgerows for me—those living hedgerows where The bushes close and clasp above and keep I cannot be immortal, taste all joy. O God, where do they tend—these struggling aims ?	804 806 810 811
Page 61	For all so floated, nought was fixed and firm. Who chronicled the stages of all life,	882 884
Page 62	And clouds float white above like broods of swans. How the blood lies upon her cheek, outspread With love-breath,—a Pauline from heights above,	895 900
Page 65	And grinning in its vanity, while ends Foul to be dreamed of, smiled at me as fixed And fair, while others changed from fair to foul As a young witch turns an old hag at night. I with thee, even as a child—love's slave, Looking no farther than his liege commands.	943 948
Page 70	I shall be priest and prophet as of old. If such must come, but chiefly when I die, To fight a giant : but live thou for ever,	1019 1025 1027

ANALYTICAL NOTES

/ ANALYTICAL NOTES.

ll. 1-9. The poet addresses Pauline, and states that he feels he may safely confide in her.

l. 10. In view of the following lines, this may be interpreted as "Thine innocence will be thy protection."

l. 13. The emphasis is surely on "thou."

ll. 18-23. It is difficult to see the significance of these lines. The "one" (18) refers to the poet; but what is the "crown" of Nature (20)? Is it the power of the Almighty considered as overruling natural law? This interpretation would be in keeping with the phrase: "the fiend Who has deceived God," for the poet, in imagining that *he* has mastered the secrets of Nature, has sinned through excessive pride, although he may smile to think of his achievements.

ll. 24-27. These lines carry on the thought of the preceding. They affirm that if such a poet should again seek the altars of Nature, to be enrolled among her followers, it would be necessary for him to confess his remorse, receive pardon, and renew his old claims on her with humility. He reflects, however, that it is too late to do this.

ll. 28-31. The poet then affirms that if he had remained under the protection of Pauline, instead of following his dreams (the "fancies" of l. 7), or if keeping them he had realised that the sanctity of Pauline would purify them and make them true, he would have been wiser; for then nothing would have been hidden from her, and she would have led him to safety.

ll. 37-43. This reflection is, however, vain, for the past is past, and all that can be done is to use the experience in the future, and to be absolutely sincere. So Pauline will receive from him, not mere love, but implicit faith, and will accept any crude conception of his without fear.

l. 46. If the "form which music follows like a slave" is that of Pauline, it is difficult to understand this line; but if it be taken as referring to the poet (and the following lines would justify this), it may mean that she would accept him without fear—the word "veil" being used in the protective sense. He probably has characterised himself as the slave of music, because his love of it was one of the "wild dreams" in line 30.

ll. 50–54. The poet calls attention to his present state, and hopes that if Pauline realises how her beauty has called up the noblest of his memories, she will let him explain his mental experiences, a task in which he used to delight for his own sake, but now for hers.

ll. 68–69. There is some difficulty here. The feeling which "rushed" over the poet was surely that, although he had sunk so low in his own estimation, he was not even now so callous as to feel no reproach in the calmness of Pauline's eyes.

l. 73. The "words" are evidently those of Pauline.

ll. 79–81. To whom does the "theirs" of line 81 refer? To the throng in the "bright halls" (78)? If so, the poet compares his former state with his present. This is confirmed by the next line (82). The "them" of line 87 is probably a further reference to the "throng"; but the whole passage is very obscure.

l. 95. This line, taken with those which precede it, must surely mean that the poet, having become self-centred, cannot worship anything beyond himself, but that he realises he is his own worst enemy.

ll. 100–111. The image of the white swan, is probably to be interpreted as signifying the hope which still dwelt with the poet in his distress, but which was cramped and fettered by his intense egotism.

ll. 112–123. These lines are very difficult to follow. The poet in a fresh image considers himself a "young witch" (112) who has drawn down a god (114). The passage seems to be another simile for the "hope," which now appears to be an illusion, although long held as real. His reaction is perhaps the "wandering and weakness" of line 125.

ll. 127-140. The poet realises that as a relief from these reflections he must return in thought to the happiness and surroundings of youth.

l. 143. To whom does the "His" refer? If to the Deity, what is the significance of line 150? If, however, it refers to Shelley, which would be consistent with the address to him which follows, why has the writer placed both pronouns in capitals?

l. 150. Surely this is a case of ellipsis and should read: "Thou didst smile at the blindness of thy contemporaries, but should we, in the present day, forgive them their unjust criticism?"

l. 151. Here commences the famous eulogy of Shelley, which is refreshing in its directness of diction and clarity of expression.

ll. 191-200. The poet again indulges in regret, and laments that he no longer can be the single-minded worshipper, and that the time when he enjoyed the praises which other writers lavished on Shelley is past. (In the 1888 edition, line 199, the writer substitutes "our" for "his." Does he here intend to link himself with the poet?)

ll. 200-205. These lines express the longing of the writer to have seen the poet he admires (cf. his lyric, "Memorabilia").

ll. 206-210. The poet continues his appeal to the spirit of Shelley and affirms his belief that such a seer is immortal; but why did he cast "all honour from his soul" (210)? Is this a sudden realisation of his inferiority? Such an interpretation is borne out by the subsequent lines.

ll. 214-229. These lines carry on the comparison between the writer and Shelley, and in line 220 the former laments his present altered and distressed state of mind.

ll. 230-250. The subject of the poet's address is once more Pauline, for she has won back by a word his spirit which scoffed at life. Then he realises that this is a selfish thought, and begs her to forget it (244). If, however, she cannot do so—her memory of his sufferings will but unite them more to each other in their loneliness.

l. 256. The new impulse is to reveal everything to Pauline; and in lines 258 and 259 the poet proclaims his method, which is that of his creator, Browning.

ll. 260-267. This is a clear statement of the poet's endeavour to describe his time of mental stress—between the trustfulness of youth and the surety of experience. It is followed by a passage of keen analysis.

ll. 269-290. The consciousness of self is most real to him, and is unaffected by other sensations. Equally real is the restlessness (277) which besets him. But low as he feels himself, one gift still remains, and is his salvation—his imagination (284).

ll. 291-299. He continues his analysis, and describes his lode-star—his longing for God. In line 299, the “which” probably refers to the “neglect” of line 298.

ll. 300-309. The poet describes how he felt protected by God, and how this encouraged his confidence in his fight with weakness (the 1888 edition makes these lines clearer).

ll. 310-312. But now he has lost his capacity for affection, although “sense” (that is, the presence of Pauline) can supply a love.

l. 313. To what does “these” refer? To the thoughts of the poet? or rather perhaps to the “dreams,” which would be more in keeping with the following lines.

ll. 318-335. These lines are quite explicit, as are the eight which follow, but with line 344 there are fresh problems.

ll. 344-353. The poet is still confused as to his spiritual awakening, but appears to realise that in introspection and self-examination lies his next development. He describes how at length he became restored to a more equable conception of life, but only through communion with his fellow-men (354); and he voiced his joy in song.

l. 376. The difference between the 1833 and the 1888 editions should be noticed.

ll. 382-393. Yet he finds that, after all, this outburst of song (377) leads him but little farther; and he plunges into philosophy (the “passion and mind” of l. 389); but he does so in a spirit of humility.

ll. 396-403. These lines are quite explicit, but the alterations in the 1888 edition should be noticed.

l. 404. To whom does the "one" refer? Is it another eulogy of Shelley?

ll. 420-427. The poet, thrilled by this "living and burning" spirit (418), devotes himself to liberty, but then contrasts it with his present state, and appeals to Pauline.

ll. 429-431. Surely this simile voices his realisation that his vision was a dream of youth.

ll. 432-439. He was alone indeed, but found solace in Plato and in building a palace of thought.

ll. 440-446. Real life was his subject, and his theories were easily accepted by the confidence of youth.

ll. 447-456. But this quest for a good "comprising every joy" (448) was a phantasy, and the poet's simile describes his vain search.

ll. 457-468. The poet voices his disillusionment, but does not despair, as the mind has formed fresh resolves, and in a spirit of pride he decides to live a life of observation, without the task of thought.

ll. 469-487. His soul was a temple of self-conceit, lacking the god of reality, and served by troops of spirits who would worship him. His vanity was satisfied for a while, and he was happy.

ll. 489-514. This passage describes at greater length his joy at the determination to live to the full and to enjoy the externals of life, but at the same time he knows there is a background of sorrow to his seeming contentment.

ll. 515-528. He does not fear, for these joys will not fade, but lest they should do so he will enshrine them in song.

ll. 529-539. But he will still be haunted by the fear that his efforts are in vain. Before long he realises that even they are dreams.

l. 540. The phrase "soul's idol" is difficult—possibly it refers to the "vision of fame" which the poet had, but which he really knew was illusory, and when it deserted him would leave him where he was.

l. 548. "Them" is surely better than "those"—that is, the seers and prophets we have lost by death, or worse, by an insensitive realisation of their messages.

l. 554. Note here the alteration from "souls" in 1833 to "him" in 1888. The meaning of line 557 (1833) is obscure; but in the later edition it is clearer. The pronoun probably refers once again to Shelley.

l. 560–566. The poet once more addresses Pauline, and reminds her how, before she came into his life, he was happy (1833) or defiant (1888) in his "old delights" (564); for his heart was at rest in them.

l. 567. The "king" is probably Agamemnon.

l. 572. The "him" may refer to Agamemnon as above, or perhaps to Œdipus. The "boy" (573) is perhaps Orestes.

ll. 577–584. But when he loved Pauline and she returned his love, he centred his mind upon himself, and found that he had lost his faith—that this loss was not that of youth but of maturity.

l. 585. And he will tell his state of mind disinterestedly, knowing that this defeat can but lead to progress.

ll. 593–619. Yet he cannot chain his soul, which must develop he knows not how; but he envies the man who can concentrate on a fixed purpose, lamenting that *his* search for abstractions is unending. Finally, he longs for one "complete delight" (609), even though it come when he is old.

ll. 620–633. The poet describes how he finds his only claim to power of any sort is in the repression of the "restlessness of passion"—the "harpy" of line 624. Yet he cannot but be proud of his "bright slave."

ll. 634–649. The poet realises that his soul can overpass this worldly sphere, and although he may have conquered earthly affection by his power of reason, there is a love to which no mortal can attain—and it is in the failure to grasp this that he sees most clearly his intense egotism. The differences in the two texts here are striking.

ll. 650-675. This gives him a feeling of self-hate, and he is aware that his weakness is his own fault ; but he will not grieve, taking refuge again in the beauty of mythology. He describes his attempts to escape his introspection. The story of Andromeda, and the soul which can rise triumphant over the weakness of men. Thus inspired he will fling off age, and will conquer once more in the strength of youth.

l. 676. He describes how he will reconcile that which he is with what he fain would be.

ll. 678-680. These lines are difficult. Does the poet mean that in this reconciliation there is no real permanence, as it is only a solution urged on him by fear ? This view is borne out by lines 686-691.

ll. 684-689. These lines are clearer in the 1888 edition. The meaning would appear to be as follows. Although he is thrilled at the thought of "liberty," and feels proud to claim it, he knows, all the time, that his sympathy is obscured by "sophistries," and that his search for enlightenment, being purely selfish, will not have success. The point of line 689 is difficult to understand if taken with those which precede it.

ll. 690-694. And yet he cherishes his "prejudice"—that he has held in chain the "harpy" of imagination and passion. Although as the years have passed he can no longer simply admire poets, but would measure himself by them, in any case he would rather forget all this than his love of England.

ll. 698-708. Once more he appeals to Pauline, telling her that he has lived all the life of things and of thought, but is not yet content.

l. 709. These wild "fancies" beset him, but he hints that his Pauline will pity and understand them. The poet, however, admits that he is not worthy of her.

ll. 716-810. Here the poem becomes limpid and comprehensible, and in the next ninety-four lines inspiration seizes him, and the poet writes of reality instead of indulging in reflection.

ll. 811-821. Once more, however, the writer begins to analyse. Where do his "struggling aims" lead? Even if he can make his soul rule over everything, the mere joy of his supremacy is not enough to satisfy him. He can only believe in the omnipotence of God. (At line 811 is given the French note by "Pauline.")

ll. 822-843. The poet's address to the Almighty is followed by one to the Christ, and he affirms that here only is his true belief.

ll. 844-859. Carrying out the conception of the previous lines, the poet longs to have shared the life of Jesus, and avows his determination to teach the "faith" if only he may feel himself not unloved.

ll. 860-869. The poet dedicates himself to Pauline. He feels that hope is leaving him, but he is glad that he has spoken so freely, and to one whose heart is akin to his, although she cannot eradicate all his sorrow.

ll. 870-876. He bids her look on his poem, of which she has been the inspiration, stating that he feels that through her he may perhaps be brought back to happiness.

l. 877. Once more he excuses himself for his long analysis, but implies that Pauline wished him to make it.

ll. 885-902. He tells her that he has described the first stage, and that now amid the "shift of thought" he glimpses immortality, through her comfort and inspiration. Gone are his confused conceptions, swallowed up in his love for her.

ll. 903-925. He appeals to her to love him, urging that *his* lowness has only made *her* more wonderful. In a fine passage the poet describes what vision he has had, and entreats Pauline not to leave him.

ll. 926-936. He begs her to stay by him, and be a key to the mystery of music and of life—he tells her he has thrown off his rules of thought and is purer than of old. He has still somewhat to gladden her.

ll. 937-984. He decides to give up his introspection and to wander with Pauline through the realms of thought—looking back with serenity on the past. The reference in line 964 is possibly to the *Balade* "Binorie."

ll. 985-1014. And although this pleasant life may prove a dream, it is a moment of pleasure, and whatever may come his song shall remain to prove that "Beauty rose on me again."

ll. 1015-1019. And he will go over the tracts of thought with purpose and confidence, instead of with misgiving and fear.

ll. 1020-1031. With a final invocation to Shelley, the poem concludes on a note of trust and of hope.

